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## NEW YEAR'S DAY AT THE TUILERIES.

THE reception with which the EMPEROR begins the year at the Tuileries has strangely altered its character. A few years ago, it was one of those critical occasions on which Europe, distrustful of itself, looked to learn something of its coming fate from the arbiter of its destinies. Even if the EMPEROR only nodded, his nod was held to mean a thousand times more than anything that any one else could say. As, however, Europe began to feel more settled, and the EMPEROR was seen at once to be shrinking from new enterprises and to have made gross blunders, and thus to have placed himself on the level of common humanity, his New Year utterances became of less and less importance. This year, again, they are not marked with much significance. In fact, the interview which the EMPEROR accorded the day before to the Prussian Minister was much more important. Count GOLTZ then announced that he was entitled to speak as the representative, not of Prussia only, but of North Germany; and he might have added, if the whole truth were to be spoken on State occasions, of all Germany. Of course he was civil and friendly. The KING his master, now the ruler of a people more numerous and of a territory larger than that of France, was most desirous to be on the best of terms with his good neighbour the EMPEROR. The whole point of the thing lay in this, that Germany is so sure and proud of herself that she can now treat France in the friendly, affable way in which one equal treats another. The EMPEROR replied as he was bound to do. He recognised fully and candidly the equality, and returned all the wishes for a good understanding which he had received. It is one of his great merits that he frankly accepts what he cannot alter and control. Twice he has attempted to stop Prussia in her career. He first asked for an accession of territory to compensate for the gains of Prussia after Sadowa. He was told at once that he could have nothing of the sort. Not being prepared for war, he acquiesced in the rebuff, and tried what he could do in a quieter and more secret way. If he could not get anything for himself, he could perhaps prevent Prussia getting hold of South Germany. The Southern States might be brought to see that their best course was to make friends with Austria and France. But here again he was foiled, although he took the trouble to go all the way to Austria to see for himself what chances of success remained for him. But he soon found that there was nothing to be done with South Germany. The South Germans were fully as aware as he could wish them to be that they must choose between France and Austria on the one hand, and Prussia on the other. But then their choice was the wrong one for him. They chose to take their chance with Prussia. The EMPEROR then had, in his turn, to make up his mind whether he should oppose Prussia any more or accept the situation he could not alter, and strive to establish, at any rate for the present, a good understanding between Paris and Berlin. That the latter had been his choice was already well known from the language which his Ministers were instructed to hold in the recent debates of the French Chamber, but it has now been more explicitly and openly avowed in the friendly words with which he has welcomed the address of Count GOLTZ.

That there is both worldly wisdom and right feeling in this policy no one can deny. He and France would occupy a much smaller and humbler position if he allowed it to be supposed that he was sulking and fretting under the ascendancy of Prussia. And, if a war is to be avoided for the present, it would be most foolish to keep France and Germany in a perpetual state of irritation and uncertainty. If two great contiguous nations are not to fight, they had much better agree to bear amicably with each other, and help each other to grow

richer and happier. Even, however, if this is obvious, the EMPEROR still ought to have credit for seeing and acting on what is right and prudent; and if any one doubts whether any credit is due to him for this, he has only to ask himself whether he can mention any other Frenchman whom he could have trusted to behave as discreetly to Prussia as the EMPEROR has done. But although it was quite right for the EMPEROR to accept with frankness and good-humour this last triumph of his Prussian rival, this must not diminish our sense of the greatness of the success itself. Count GOLTZ spoke as the representative of Germany, which in itself was a great thing; but there was more than this. The EMPEROR whom he addressed had twice tried to prevent his having an opportunity of speaking in this character, and the EMPEROR had failed. It is evident that the announcement of his new position by Count GOLTZ was made on the last day of the year in order that he might have the satisfaction of beginning the new year at the Tuileries in his new character. And, of course, this was done by express directions from Berlin. Critics must allow that, if any one is likely to know his own interests, it is Count BISMARCK. He is fond of doing striking things, even at some risk. He wrote an ironical Circular, late in last year, proving on *a priori* grounds that the Emperor of the French could not have possibly meant his Salzburg journey to have any adverse bearing on German interests. This was a little high-handed, and even presumptuous. It is what is said, not what is done, by foreign Powers, that generally leads to quarrels. The Italians were infinitely more vexed by the contemptuous language in which M. DE MOUSTIER and M. ROUHER talked of Italy and Italian Ministries than by the slaughter of Italians under the fire of the new French rifles; and Count BISMARCK, if he had feared to provoke the anger of France, might have anticipated that his Circular would give more offence than another Sadowa. But he did not care about provoking the anger of France, and he probably wished to show that he did not. Audacity, and even insolence, may sometimes be matter of calculation. And what was the result? South Germany at the end of the year was more bound to him than ever. It has adhered to him because he was successful, and the more he showed his success the more it adhered to him. Germany, so long disheartened, vacillating, and divided, wants some visible self-asserting strength on which to rely. Saxony was the German State in whose behalf France most interested herself in the arrangements for the peace of Prague, and Saxony has been the State most forward and conspicuous in yielding up to Prussia that sole right of diplomatic representation for North Germany of which Count GOLTZ was the herald last Tuesday. If Count BISMARCK had ever let Saxony, or any other part of Germany, suppose that he would ever trouble himself for a moment to think whether what he said or did or wrote would be acceptable to France, Count GOLTZ might have begun the new year as nothing more than the representative of Prussia.

Nor has Count BISMARCK succeeded only in Germany. His success has been still more remarkable in France itself. He could not have had a greater tribute paid him than that which was involved in the language used in the French Chamber about Germany. The orators who had been fierce and contemptuous in the extreme when poor, weak, unarmed Italy was the theme, were quite on their good behaviour when they had to speak of strong and conquering Prussia. Even if in a vague way they thought the consolidation of Germany a misfortune to France, and were indignant that it had not been stopped while to stop it was still possible, yet they were full of respect for what had been accomplished. It was astonishing with what unanimity speakers of every party disclaimed all wish for a rectification of the French frontier. The notion of claiming the left bank of the Rhine for France was one of those silly dreams

the past which they were thankful to say all sensible Frenchmen had long outlived. The inhabitants of the left bank were, as they had recently discovered, for the most part Germans, and were most properly proud of belonging to that great country. Why should Frenchmen wish to disturb them, or interfere in any way with their simple pleasures and honest tastes? The thing was absurd, and if it might occur to any one that some of the same objections applied to the annexation of Nice and Savoy, he ought to understand, without being told, that the needle-gun made such a vast difference between the two cases. This was a very pleasant and gratifying turn of things for Count BISMARCK to find going on in France. And at this particular crisis he may be a little stimulated by observing what has happened with regard to Italy. He may wish to make it clear that Germany and Italy are two very different Powers. The tone adopted towards MENABREA and RATTAZZI is not to be repeated towards any German Minister. No one suspects that it is likely to be. But it may be advisable to mark that it cannot be, and therefore the attitude taken by Count BISMARCK in sending Count GOLTZ to the Tuileries in his new character on so conspicuous an occasion may be intended as asserting once for all that Italy may be snubbed with impunity, but that Germany can never be snubbed without danger of war. It had been anticipated that at the New Year's reception the EMPEROR might say something unpleasant to the representative of Italy, and that M. NIGRA would take care to keep out of the way. But there was no need to fear this. The EMPEROR has far too much respect for his own dignity and honour to offer such a mark for scorn as he would have given if, the day after receiving Count GOLTZ so kindly, he had seemed to console himself by bullying the representative of a weak Power. It has never been his personal wish, we believe, to insult or humiliate Italy, but even if he had shared the views of the bitterest of his subjects, he would not have been guilty of the bad taste of speaking harsh things to Italy just after he had been speaking smooth things to Prussia. On the contrary, he took occasion to make a very complimentary speech to the Archbishop of PARIS, which was perhaps the only kindness to Italy on which he could venture; for in the late debates in the Senate the ARCHBISHOP was almost the only speaker who showed moderation, and a sense that there are other rights and interests in the world than those of priests.

#### POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

AT the beginning of the present year it is a satisfactory reflection that political probabilities are always liable to be contradicted by events. When things are at the worst, it is said that they must mend; but, until the turning point is reached, things may grow indefinitely worse. There is at present peace in Europe; and there may be war; or the Fenian conspiracy may expand into a formal insurrection. Authority in England cannot be more hopelessly paralysed than it has been during the last eighteen months; but a general relaxation of the power of government has perhaps not yet produced its natural consequences. The most serious danger of a European war is to be apprehended from the designs of Russia in the south-east of Europe. The purpose of promoting rebellion and anarchy in the Turkish provinces is openly proclaimed; and, as in 1853, Russian intrigue is employed to create jealousies between England and France. The principal impediment to Russian designs is to be found in the relations which exist among the great Powers of Europe. Austria and Turkey, equally threatened by the agitation on behalf of Slavonic supremacy, are fully able to bar the way to Constantinople, unless Russia can find a powerful ally in the centre of Europe. The attack on Turkey will not be attempted until Prussia consents to press upon Austria, and to keep France in check; and, unless a separate cause of quarrel arises between France and Germany, no prudent Prussian statesman would engage in a crusade for the establishment of Eastern Orthodoxy in the Turkish dominions. The intimate alliance of Prussia and Russia is founded exclusively on a common jealousy of Austria, and on the desire of the Prussian Government for a support which might, in case of need, counterbalance the hostility of France. Count BISMARCK's doctrine that the Eastern question has nothing to do with German interests is only professed for a temporary purpose; for neither France nor England is so directly concerned as Germany in maintaining the freedom of commerce in the Danube and the Black Sea. The cadet of the Prussian dynasty who is the nominal ruler of Wallachia and Moldavia would perform a valuable service to his native country if he

succeeded in elevating his distracted provinces into the rank of a civilized State. It is, therefore, unlikely that Prussia will support Russia in aggression on Austria and Turkey, except as a defensive measure against France; and it may be doubted whether, for this year at least, France has any warlike designs. The reorganization of the army will occupy a considerable time; and nonsensical declamations on the true equilibrium of Europe are not readily translated into action. One of the most chimerical of French theorists declares that one final war is necessary for the purpose of transferring to France the line of fortresses which now protects the German frontier. As Europe will not have a Congress before a war, war is, by a rhetorical antithesis, declared necessary as a preparation for a Congress. States are not, however, in the habit of placing great armies in the field to illustrate sophistical epigrams; and the German fortresses, if they are really formidable, are arguments for peace, and not temptations to war. Every French politician who is capable of thinking, or of learning from experience, must by this time understand that external pressure necessarily tends to cement German union, and that a war commenced for the purpose of dismembering German territory would be the absurdest and most hopeless of enterprises. On a smaller scale, and with less demonstrative force, the same principle will apply to Italy. A French intrigue for the restoration of the BOURBONS in Naples, or for the substitution of the descendants of MURAT, would reunite all Italian patriots, and probably it might excite a feeling of loyalty to the national cause, even among the Neapolitan and Sicilian population. A great army, though it facilitates war, may be used by statesmen as a reason for maintaining peace. The self-esteem of France will perhaps be as well satisfied by the belief that the Government wields an irresistible force as by actual conquest; and notwithstanding the vague language of orators, and the professional zeal of military leaders, the middle-classes of French towns, and the country freeholders, are thoroughly averse to an increase of taxation, and to additional pressure of the conscription. There is nothing aggressive in the position of the North German Confederacy; and as long as France abstains from unprofitable encroachment there will be peace in the West, and gradually, perhaps, there may be a return of the confidence in peace which is essential to the revival of industrial and commercial activity.

The desire of England for peace is undoubted, although it is not regarded by Continental writers as altogether glorious. If Mr. COBDEN were to return to life, he would almost be forced to reconsider his favourite proposition that his own country was more wantonly aggressive than any of the military monarchies of the Continent; yet perhaps he might find an excuse for declining retraction in the Abyssinian expedition, which is about this time in full activity. If Sir ROBERT NAPIER fails in his campaign, the policy of the war will be retrospectively condemned; while success will not only gratify a wholesome love of justice, but reassure a community which has lately begun to despair of ever again accomplishing a respectable achievement. Criticisms, composed in the spirit of Crimean correspondence, on the preparations for the war, ought not to produce premature despondency. The want of chain halter, for mules, the loss of mules and horses, and the difficulty of finding water near the coast, are untoward events or official miscarriages; but such occurrences have not been unknown in history, which yet records some successful invasions and decisive victories. Similar details of neglect and mismanagement were universal in NAPOLEON's campaigns, although his historians have imagined that the EMPEROR superintended the execution of all the orders which issued from his head-quarters. Good generals and effective armies contrive substitutes for mule chains, and if there is no water in one place they find it possible to move to another. It might have been shown with much plausibility that XENOPHON, and the army of which he recorded the exploits, could by no possibility find their way from the banks of the Tigris to the Euxine seaboard. The army from Bombay is perhaps inferior in moral and military qualities to the Ten Thousand Greeks, but it ought to be able to march into Abyssinia if all the mules from Spain were to bite their head-ropes asunder. Where Abyssinians go, English and Indian troops may follow, if they understand their business.

It is impossible to guess whether the present year will be fertile of domestic occurrences, although it will almost certainly be stagnant in legislation. On the whole, there is reason to hope that the present reaction against anarchy and disorder may be permanent, as all the respectable portion of society condemns the apathy which lasted from the destruction of the Hyde Park railings to the Clerkenwell explosion. The reduc-



tion of Mr. BEALES to his ultimate result in the form of Mr. FINLAY has convinced many persons who would be inaccessible to a less tangible argument. That Parliament must be weak and unproductive is an unavoidable consequence of its provisional and moribund condition. The last Session before a dissolution was never favourable to vigour and efficiency; but in other days members were only about to appeal to their former constituents. The present House of Commons has been cut off from its root, and it only vegetates for a season by virtue of the sap which still circulates through the detached branches. Moderate politicians may perhaps attempt to dispose of certain questions in a Parliament which represents the different classes of the community; but for the same reason the friends of change will wish to postpone legislation, and they can easily accomplish their purpose. The Scotch and Irish Reform Bills will probably pass through both Houses with little difficulty, as necessary adjuncts of Mr. DISRAELI's larger measure. As the Scotch boroughs have for five-and-thirty years returned only Liberal members, the reduction of the franchise will perhaps not greatly affect the future representation of the country. No person, even in Ireland, thinks that an Irish Reform Bill will do any good, but, on the other hand, it may probably cause little harm, and it would not be worth while to create a new Irish grievance for the sake of maintaining the power of the small shopkeepers in the little towns which return the Irish borough members. More serious Irish questions will probably be discussed during the ensuing Session, for the purpose of exhibiting the sagacity of parties or their members, or for the more useful object of ascertaining the wishes both of England and of Ireland; but the outgoing Parliament will not be strong enough to anticipate the measures of an assembly which will rest on a different basis. There will be several motions and debates on the subject of primary education, even if Lord RUSSELL should be deterred by his recent failure from further attempts to profit by the agitation of the subject; but no comprehensive measure will be passed until the future Parliament enters on the discharge of its functions. It is barely possible that the Government may devise some compromise which may be accepted by the contending parties for the settlement of the dispute respecting the Irish Universities; and certainly it will be desirable to get rid of one petty cause of dissension before a more acrimonious conflict begins.

The chances are, perhaps, in favour of the continued existence of the present Ministry during the year which must precede a dissolution. Mr. DISRAELI is the object of general distrust and of deep resentment, nor has he conciliated any section of the party to which he has sacrificed all the professions and principles of his own followers; but he understands how to manage the present House of Commons, and there is no rival whose accession to his place is eagerly desired. Mr. GLADSTONE would be preferred by the country, and by many repentant members on both sides of the House, but he would not take office without Mr. BRIGHT, and the existing Parliament is not prepared to accept the necessary consequence of an organic revolution. Among the former occupants of office Mr. GLADSTONE stands alone, for his colleagues, though some of them are able and useful, command little public attention or confidence. The Liberal party possessed a great advantage in the control which its leaders, as members of the Government, exercised over their extreme allies; and, if they had not been driven from power, they would have been better able than the present Government to deal with at least the milder forms of sedition. If on any important question the Government is left in a minority, resignation will be almost inevitable, as the ordinary alternative of dissolution will be practically unavailable until the new voters are registered; but it is not likely that any irreconcilable difference of opinion will arise on the Scotch or Irish Reform Bills, nor was the House of Commons disposed in the last Session to second Mr. GLADSTONE's pugnacity. For another year the levity of Lord DERBY and the cynicism of Mr. DISRAELI will be tolerated; and the public confidence in Lord STANLEY's administration of the Foreign Office will correct the impatience which might otherwise be felt for a change of Government.

#### THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

A BLUE-BOOK has just been published which is very well worth studying attentively. It is full of matter that may be profitable to several classes of readers—profitable to the British public, profitable also to the Foreign Office and to the foreign critics of England. It contains a description

of the chief routes that European travellers have taken in Abyssinia. In itself, indeed, it is a wearisome and uninviting compilation, hastily and badly put together, with maps full of names that are not in the routes, and with routes full of names that are not in the maps. Still it is possible to learn a great deal about Abyssinia from it, and so far as our Expedition goes, which is the first and the main thing with us now, the result is decidedly encouraging. From the point of the highlands, which we now know can be reached with comparative ease, there are three directions in which an invading force might move. At points not very far from equidistant, and varying in the compass from south-west to south, are Gondar, the nominal capital; Debra Tabor, where until lately THEODORE has been encamped, where his arsenal and stores of ammunition, such as they are, have been placed, and where was the chief missionary station; and lastly, there is the stronghold of Magdala, supposed to be impregnable, and long the State prison of the savage chief. Fortunately there can be no doubt where we ought to go. The prisoners, or at any rate the greater part of the prisoners, are at Magdala. Gondar has ceased to exist, having been laid in ruins by its amiable tyrant; and he has lately abandoned Debra Tabor, and is said to be trying to move on Magdala. We, too, must go to Magdala, and our double task is—first to get there, and then to take the fortress, where in all probability we shall find the prisoners dead or alive, and know the best and the worst of our enterprise. Most happily the route to Magdala is the one route in Abyssinia that is moderately easy. We already know, from the letters of different correspondents accompanying the Expedition, that near the sea a chain of mountains runs from north to south. These are the mountains which the pioneers of the Expedition have already ascended, and through a pass in which they are making a road which is sure to be good enough for beasts of burden, and may, if we choose to wait long enough, be made practicable for wheeled carriages and guns. When the plateau is reached, the average altitude of Abyssinia has been attained; but Abyssinia has not only a chain of mountains running from north to south, but is also cut across by a series of mountain ranges running from east to west, in the valleys of which flow large tributaries of the Nile. A force going to Gondar would have to strike across these chains, and to find a way through passes of the most difficult nature, while the rivers are not only broad and rapid, but are haunted by perpetual malaria. But in going to Magdala a force would keep along the line of the mountains running north and south, where the transverse ranges die away, and where the rivers are small, and nothing but ordinary mountain streams. No point of the journey seems to be unhealthy, except that travellers have to undergo those variations of temperature which are unavoidable when their route lies at a great altitude under a tropical sun. Dr. KRAFF went the whole journey about a quarter of a century ago, and he got on very well, except that he was exceedingly dispirited by having no money, and not much besides beans to eat. We also gather that at no time of the year is there anything in the rainy season of the district to throw any very serious obstacle in the way of troops. There is nothing to hinder us from getting to Magdala, and when we are there we shall of course take the fortress without any trouble. A stronghold impregnable to Abyssinians, who have really no arms worth speaking of but the spear, would soon yield to British infantry and rifled cannon. Whether we shall find the captives in the fortress, no one can tell; but to take it is at once what we can do, and the end of all that it is in our power to do. THEODORE may kill his prisoners or carry them off, but the capture of his stronghold, which is the only punishment we can inflict on him is, humanly speaking, a matter of certainty.

It is a great comfort to think that there is a practical attainable object before our Abyssinian Expedition. In such a wretched business even a crumb of comfort is worth having. We can take Magdala, and when Magdala is taken the Empire of THEODORE is at an end. This EMPEROR, with whom we have been holding diplomatic relations, and to whom our QUEEN has been made to write letters, has got no Empire at all. No single part of Abyssinia obeys him. All that he has is a fortress which none of his numerous enemies can take, but into which he appears to be unable to get himself. As it is a natural stronghold, and cannot be razed, we shall have to make a present of it to some one of his rivals, probably his chief rival who rejoices in the name of WAKSHUM GOBAZE, and who can be most useful to us, as his territories lie on our line of march. This interesting personage has indeed been able to do everything else he has fixed

his fancy on, except take Magdala. He is always sending word that he is coming in a few days to take it, but his discretion has hitherto been too much for his valour, and he must now know that he need not go to any trouble in the matter, as an army of infatuated foreigners is coming to take it for him. If WAKSHUM did not like us, he might hinder us seriously, for he could afford to lose any number of spearmen with butter on their heads, and even with shirts, for shirts are given to the best and bravest Abyssinian soldiers, as the Victoria Cross or the Bath is given with us. But WAKSHUM would be entirely false to all the traditions of his country if he were silly enough to fight us. If he is our friend, he will be paid for his amity, and all the writers on Abyssinia agree that the Abyssinians, whether they are good or bad, or religious or irreligious, or wear a little more or a little less butter and chopped leaves on their heads, all have this trait in common, that they are to be bought. We may, therefore, hope to purchase our way to Magdala comfortably enough, and WAKSHUM will be very likely to come with us in order to eat the chestnuts we are going to pull out of the fire. This is the end to which our Foreign Office will have brought us. At the cost of six or seven millions sterling we shall have taken a petty fortress from the Negus and given it to WAKSHUM. There is, indeed, only one excuse to be made for our Foreign Office, and a very poor excuse it is. We really only made precisely the same mistake that the French made. They were as foolish as we were. Their Foreign Office also entered into diplomatic relations with THEODORE, and appointed Consuls, who were imprisoned by him, and wrote special letters to him, and sent him an envoy to offer the friendship, and announce the wishes and demands, of NAPOLEON. By a very great piece of good luck, which they did nothing to deserve, the French had nothing worse to complain of than that their envoy was summarily kicked out of the country, and they wisely put their pride in their pocket and washed their dirty linen at home. Unfortunately, our mutual friend took it into his greasy head to lock our man up, and so we have had to throw away all this good money, and possibly the lives of many English soldiers, in the attempt to get him out. It is not much to say that we have blundered in company with the author of the Mexican Expedition, the greatest blunder of modern times. But still Lord RUSSELL is generally so solitary in his blunders, and makes them so entirely, as children say, "by his own self," that he ought not to be deprived of the consolation of thinking that this time he has erred in company with M. THOUVENEL and his master.

That foreigners should ever read this Blue-book we cannot really hope, for a more mournful use of their knowledge of the English language, which they must have acquired with so much difficulty, it is impossible to conceive. But if they could but make up their minds to read it, we really think they would be cured of their belief that we wish to get hold of Abyssinia and keep it. Of all forlorn places to covet, Abyssinia strikes us as about the most forlorn. It is exactly the wrong place in every possible way. It is away from the sea, and the possession of it would contribute in no kind of way to the command of the sea. To take Magdala in order to make the Red Sea our own would be like taking Snowdon in order to help a fleet in the Straits of Dover. Sir HENRY RAWLINSON said, in one of his recent speeches, what was very true, and what showed a fine sense of British interests. He said that his idea of dealing with a country like Abyssinia was to get the natives to come down to the coast and build a town there, and invest their money in it, and make it a nice little centre of trade; so that, if they ever displeased England, we should have something handy to bombard. Perhaps it may be utterances like these which have suggested to foreigners the term *perfidie Albion*. But at any rate the Abyssinians have not got so far on as a good Briton may wish they had. They not only do not own any town on the coast, but the district between the mountains and the sea does not in any way belong to them. Then their own country is as dismal a place as could be found. The few parts of it that, if in the hands of decent people, might be made productive are almost wholly inaccessible; and the most that can be said of the climate of any part of it is that it is not positively unhealthy. A speculation less likely to pay than the occupation of Abyssinia was never taken up by the Board of a Finance Company. And then the inhabitants would be inexpressibly disagreeable if we had to govern them, and to be responsible for them. They are just removed from the honest degradation of savages by a sort of Christianity, the chief signs of which are circumcision and a religious abhor-

rence of coffee—considered by them a Mahomedan drink—which fills them with a wearisome vanity, and encourages them to think that they have an inherent superiority over the Mahomedans and Jews, to whom the exceedingly few persons of some little respectability in the country belong. Mr. CARDWELL, in his speech this week at Oxford, has compared our fighting Abyssinia to a gentleman fighting a chimney-sweep. If we are struck we must fight, but the sooner we get away from the disgusting black creature the better. This is not an inapt comparison, and there was something frank and handsome in Mr. CARDWELL's making it, considering that it is entirely due to Mr. CARDWELL's colleagues that we have got into the scrape of having to fight the chimney-sweep. But even Lord RUSSELL and Mr. LATARD probably think that we have had enough of the chimney-sweep by this time; and any dispassionate foreigner who would study the accounts of Abyssinia that are now to be procured could not help saying in his heart, whatever he might say in a newspaper, that we must be even greater fools than he took us for if we would have Abyssinia, even if it cost us nothing whatever to get it.

#### FENIANISM.

LORD ST. LEONARDS has explained to the Fenians, with a perspicuity and vigour undiminished by years, that the commission of isolated outrages in England is not calculated to promote their main object of a rebellion in Ireland. If the argument is sound, it may be hoped that it will not prevail with those to whom it is addressed. There is no use in correcting the mistaken strategy of an enemy, even when immediate annoyance would be removed by the transfer of his operations to a distant quarter. It is true that every murder or explosion which may be perpetrated by the Fenians in England will tend to correct the vicious laxity of public opinion. No sophistry will persuade sane men that they may be justly shot or blown up in the midst of profound peace whenever a gang of mongrel conspirators, claiming to belong to two different countries, wish to frighten a loyal town or to rescue an accomplice. Many demagogues and a few Roman Catholic priests have attached to such acts the character which converts punishment for the violation of law into religious and patriotic martyrdom. Archbishop M'HALE and the Rev. Mr. LAVELLE have, by implication, justified the Clerkenwell explosion in applauding the Manchester murder; but clerical extravagance always outruns the recklessness of the laity, and the Irish rebel newspapers are beginning to indicate a suspicion that the late assaults on social order were blunders. Some of the most zealous apologists of crime now pretend that their exultation and their menaces were ironical or hypothetical, and that, in boasting of the power of their partisans to carry on a war of assassination and arson, they were only warning Englishmen of the danger of driving malcontents to desperation. It matters little whether writers who are unaccountably allowed to preach open rebellion occasionally substitute hypocritical moderation for truculent bluster. The same motives which suspend the preaching of murderous doctrines may possibly restrain the secret societies and their instruments from further acts of violence in England. The prisoners who are in custody on the charge of having shared in the crime committed at Clerkenwell exhibit no desire for the canonization which has been awarded to the convicts of Manchester. Lord ST. LEONARDS's judicious counsels have, in fact, been anticipated, although for some time to come every extraordinary disaster will be naturally attributed to Fenian agency. The special constables may not perhaps find any formidable disturbances to repress; but it is possible that fresh attempts may be made to rescue prisoners who have taken a leading part in the plot. Promiscuous murder is too absurd, though not too wicked, even for an Americanized-Irish conspirator.

Incredulous Englishmen are assured that Ireland is tranquil, and comparatively free from alarm, having learned by experience to appreciate the resources of treason at their true value. The ingenious Correspondent of the *Times* even doubts whether the seditious language used by some comparatively respectable patriots is not suggested by a well-founded confidence in the ability of the Government to prevent or suppress insurrection. When the Fenians in the spring of last year attempted an outbreak, all persons of decent station reprobated the enterprise; but the sham funeral processions, and the late profanations of the services of the Church, have been countenanced by a portion of the middle-classes, as well as by the rabble and the more disreputable clergy. One of



the latest acts of rebellion has been a successful attack on a martello tower near Queenstown, rendered practicable by the negligence or by the helplessness of the little garrison. These towers, which date from the time of PITT, were denounced on behalf of the Opposition, by CAMPBELL, in the celebrated passage which asserts that Britannia needs "no towers along the steep." It is true that Britannia and Hibernia would be better without some hundreds of traps in which an enemy might catch as many little helpless detachments; but a martello tower with its moat, if the door was shut and the ladder raised, ought to defy the boldest horde of Fenians. It is stated that the military authorities have already reinforced the posts which they intend to occupy; and the remaining martello towers might perhaps be advantageously blown up, in anticipation of hostile explosions. The plunder of a gunmaker's shop in Cork, effected in the middle of the day without opposition, is a more painful proof of the power of annoyance which the conspirators can exercise. The police of Cork seems to be cowed or perplexed by the turbulence of the population; and local disaffection has been extraordinarily stimulated by the late funeral procession, and by the seditious language used in the press and the pulpit. It is difficult to attach credit to consolatory assurances of the tranquillity of Ireland when American marauders can pursue their vocation almost without risk in the streets of a considerable town. The report that the shore end of the Atlantic cable is threatened by the would-be rebels is in itself not improbable; for contingencies might occur in which the delay of communication with America would serve the purposes of the conspirators. The experience of last year seems to show that there is little reason to fear an open outbreak; but it is unfortunately certain that a portion of the Roman Catholic clergy has, for the first time, indicated a leaning to the Fenians. The offensive and blasphemous celebrations in honour of the Manchester murderers have in every instance received the sanction and aid of a priest, and the permission, express or tacit, of his ecclesiastical superior. The more recent declaration of a number of Roman Catholic clergymen in favour of a repeal of the Union, if ostensibly moderate in tone and language, is not calculated to discourage traitors and sedition-mongers. It must be comparatively immaterial to the enemies of England in what particular form the dismemberment of the British Empire may be recommended or attempted. On the whole, if the friends of order, and the owners of property in Ireland, are, under present circumstances, contented and cheerful, it must be for the hundredth time admitted that Irish affairs are wholly unintelligible. Long experience of secret conspiracies perhaps tends to diminish the uneasiness which is produced in peaceable countries by the consciousness of being surrounded by plots. England, however, is not yet reconciled to the necessity of incessant vigilance.

HER MAJESTY's repudiation of all feeling of personal alarm is worthy of her station and characteristic of her race, and yet it is the duty of Government to take every precaution for the safety of her person. Any act of wickedness which would shock an ordinary criminal is, for that reason, the more likely to be contemplated by conspirators who have adopted, in place of a moral theory, systematic hatred to England. It would not benefit the Fenians or promote the independence of Ireland to destroy the priceless collections of the British Museum, but the officers of the institution are perfectly right in refusing to allow unknown students to deposit in the building packages which might possibly be filled with combustibles. Any conspirator who succeeded in inflicting an irreparable injury on the English nation would be justly confident of receiving formal eulogies in the American Legislature, while, if he expiated his crime by death, half Ireland would affect to pray and weep for the benefit of his soul. If there is an innate or acquired sense of right and wrong in the ordinary human mind, no faculty can be more effectually extirpated by immoral sophistry couched in the phrases of Irish and American rhetoric. The duty of avenging the supposed wrongs of centuries on persons entirely innocent serves as well as any other rule of action to satisfy the conscience of an adventurer. If he wishes for an independent sanction of his doctrines, he may learn from MR. BRIGHT that justice is never done to Ireland except under the pressure of force and of terror; nor can he fail to draw the inference that an Irish patriot ought to do all in his power to disturb, alarm, and injure English society. The objects of Fenian animosity and of Radical vituperation must grapple to the best of their power with an evil for which they may justly decline responsibility. The Fenian plot is the joint product of chronic disaffection in Ireland and of the American war. The English

nation has not been wholly blameless in its former Irish policy, but it had nothing whatever to do with the quarrel between the Northern and Southern States, with their appeal to arms, or with the final triumph of the stronger party. It was an unavoidable misfortune that many Americanized Irishmen, after acquiring military habits, were thrown out of employment by the peace, and that it suited the purpose of American factions to encourage their hostility to England. The political discontent of Ireland arises from complicated causes which the enemies of the ruling power arbitrarily describe as wilful misgovernment. There have been many mistakes even in modern times, but for forty years there has been no political oppression. Ireland has been governed by the same laws as England, and since the great famine the material prospects of the country have steadily improved. The Fenian conspiracy is not the growth of gradual discontent, but the recognition of an opportunity. The plot furnishes no reason for refusing to consider any legitimate demand for the removal of grievances; but it will not be affected by remedial legislation, or by any agency except the judicious use of superior force.

#### ITALY IN 1867.

MR. GRANT DUFF, in a lecture recently delivered by him on the state of Europe, sums up the narrative of Italy during 1867 by an illustration from the history of the Abbé Sièyes, who, when asked what he had done during the age of Terror, answered, "I have lived." No doubt 1868 opens on the Kingdom of Italy very differently from 1867. And, at first sight, the passage in VICTOR EMMANUEL'S New Year Speech, in which he expresses his conviction that the position of Italy has improved within the last few months, appears coloured by either imagination or hope. It is but two months and a few days since the French army disembarked at Civita Vecchia, and made play with the Chassepôt on half-armed Garibaldian volunteers. Every one will admit that Italy has so far gained that she is no longer on the brink of a single-handed war with France; if she has been humiliated, she has escaped extermination, and in this sense can afford to be cheerful and to bid a friendly good-bye to 1867. She survives, and that is something. Her well-wishers in Europe would not, for the most part, be disposed to say more. Yet, after all, there is more truth in the view that Italy has advanced during 1867 than immediately appears, and we are disposed to believe that she has moved as well as lived. There is a bright side as well as a dark one to the story of the year, and though it would be idle to affect not to foresee that dangers and difficulties of a supreme kind have still to be surmounted, nevertheless certain things have been done, and certain steps in advance have been taken.

The first, and probably the chief, relief which the Peninsula has experienced from the course of events in 1867 is that the incubus of the Church Property question is finally removed. Every one interested in the affairs of Italy remembers the serious Parliamentary complications which repeatedly recurred while this question was still in process of solution. It was the source of a series of Ministerial difficulties at Florence. It was also the cause of a number of ugly intrigues between the reactionary party at the Italian Court and the Vatican, as well as the occasion of more than one financial scandal. All this is now happily over. There are no more rival schemes put forward by successive Cabinets with the view of steering an ingenious half-course between breaking with the democratic portion of the Italian Chamber and drawing down the anathemas of the POPE. The problem how to dispose of the ecclesiastical lands has ultimately been settled by disposing of them; and M. SCIALOJA and M. FERRARA may look back on 1867 as rival English parties look back on the extinct controversies about a six-pound rental or rating franchise. If accounts that reach England are to be trusted, the Church estates are selling at an unexpectedly good price, and the national treasury will be relieved to a more considerable extent than anybody hoped. The indignation of the POPE at this wholesale measure of confiscation has been almost swallowed up in the agitation produced at Rome by the Garibaldian invasion. As CICERO remarks of a sweeping change in his own time, so one may say of the Church Land sales in Italy, "*minore sonitu, quam putaveram, orbis hic reipublice est conversus.*" In comparison with the recent crisis, the transaction has been almost noiseless. Nor is there any reason to fear that the sales will hereafter lead to violent internal conflicts. Against such secularization of

its hereditary perquisites the Church of Rome will never cease protesting for at least a generation. But the most sanguine Ultramontanist can hardly anticipate that the sold estates will ever permanently revert to their original possessors. Such is not the way of the world, especially in these modern times. Immediately on any transfer of the sort, vested interests spring up which it becomes almost impossible to displace. Every new occupant is converted into an enemy of reaction. A BOURBON restoration, wild as such an idea seems, might possibly be accompanied by an attempt to recapture for the Church its lost spoils; but few who understand the antipathies of Italians are likely to believe that such an attempt would end in anything but the ruin of its abettors. The State has solved the old Gordian knot that threatened to give so much trouble, by cutting it in two.

The second great incubus of which the year 1867 has lightened Italy is the excessive diplomatic influence of NAPOLEON III. SINBAD the Sailor has got rid of the Old Man of the Sea. The alleviation has certainly been purchased at a very heavy price, but, after all the loss and humiliation, there is a certain gain. The policy of the Italian Foreign Office has been defeated, but, on the other hand, henceforward it is simplified. While its strings were being pulled from inside the French Emperor's Cabinet, nobody, not even the Italian nation itself, had any clear and definite notion what Italian policy was to be. The country was like M. PREVOST PARADOL's dog waiting for a bone to be pitched to it by France. It was prepared to spring in any direction, provided only it could get the bone at last. Politicians swayed wildly to and fro on one side and on another, according to the intrigues, the perplexities, or the expectations of the moment. It was impossible to turn resolutely to the task of domestic organization while a sort of vague ignorance prevailed whether or not the ripening Roman pear was or was not about to drop. Even military preparations fell into inextricable confusion. No human being could be sure of the purpose for which an army or a fleet might be wanted. At times the public feared that it would be decoyed into a war, with France for an ally, against Prussia; there were feverish days during which wild speculators talked of an alliance with Prussia against France; and then again men's minds fell back into a state of eager dependence on the bounty and the friendship of NAPOLEON III. Rumours of Royal negotiations with Rome were varied by distressing scandal about Royal subversion to the French. Ministers of the Crown were accused of being nothing but French creatures in the disguise of Italian officials. In fact the domestic situation had become nearly intolerable when the storm of last October broke, and, in spite of all the damage done, finally cleared the political atmosphere. The shock perhaps has contributed a little to restore the spirit of diplomatic independence in the nation. It will be some time before Cabinets at Florence recur to their old mischievous propensity to conspire with the Tuileries. Nor can it be denied that it is even better for Italy that the Roman question should again be postponed, than that she should live in a chronic condition of negotiation and intrigue with a too powerful foreign patron. The salutary change in the temper of the country has been exemplified by the recent debates in the Florence Legislature. The Chambers have manfully submitted to the decrees of fate. There has been very little wild Utopian nonsense or chimerical propositions of revenge. Up to the end of 1867 the eyes of Italy wandered anxiously from Rome to Paris, and from Paris to Rome. Now they are fixed on Rome and Rome only, and, although the goal has seemed to recede into the dim distance in consequence, the effect, on the whole, has been to stimulate an independent temper, and to confirm rather than to disturb the aspirations of the nation. Among all Italian politicians none are so adroit as M. RATTAZZI. He is accustomed, by practice and by disposition, to watch the current of the popular side; while, on the other hand, distant spectators may speculate on the changes in the current by the changes in M. RATTAZZI's attitude. And M. RATTAZZI, during his tenure of office in 1867, broke finally with France; and, in the speeches recently delivered by him in the Chamber, has set his seal solemnly to the deed of separation. The supremacy of the French Foreign Office over Florence is over, and Italian diplomacy is likely to be less servile and more intelligible. And the year that has just expired has done something more. It has removed from Italy the weight of a treaty which possibly she never should have made, but which she certainly was unable to keep. The September Convention, since the last vote of the Italian Deputies, may be taken as abandoned for good. The French Government anticipates, or professes to anticipate, its continuance. But France is sanguine in thinking that the Italians will again become parties to any similar arrange-

ment. They have not much to gain by the substitution of a French army of observation at Toulon for a French army of occupation at Civita Vecchia. The next treaty into which they enter will scarcely be one that abstains from providing for contingencies as certain as noonday. The Convention of September never had any basis at all. It was a makeshift, and nothing more; and 1867 has put an end to the makeshift.

Lastly, though Italy has been wounded and insulted by French Ministers with a persistence that appears infatuated, she can point with some satisfaction to the fact that in 1867 no great European Power, except France, has joined in the attempt to humiliate her. This is a distinct mark of political progress. She has lost French patronage, but she has received much of indisputable sympathy at the hands of Prussia, Russia, and Great Britain. The Russian press, which breathes the inspiration of the Russian Government, openly espouses her cause, moved partly by a desire to secure her co-operation in the event of an Eastern war, partly by a Russian sentiment of antagonism to the Church which has been the strong partisan of Polish nationality. The causes that link Italy and Prussia are too obvious to require recapitulation. And if the intelligence be authentic which announces that Austria has resolved to forbid any recruiting in her territory for the Papal army, it is clear that Austria can no longer be considered as a Papal, far less an Ultramontane, Power. Under these circumstances Italy can look with comparative equanimity on the fanatical manifesto in which Spain promises her material support to the Vatican in case of need. Before 1867 the opinion of monarchical Europe was said to stand between Italy and Rome. The mist has blown away, and it is clear that France, and France only, stands between her and the realization of her wishes. And France, at the present juncture, is only another word for the life of a single man, whose health is as uncertain as his purposes are vacillating.

#### MR. GLADSTONE ON PROVIDENCE.

WE shall not be hard upon Mr. GLADSTONE for his views of Providential interposition. Like the favourite formula of D.V., which has a sound so pious as regards the future, so the reference to Providence for the past is usually either a pleonasm or an impertinence. When Mr. GLADSTONE is "convinced that these painful and horrible manifestations of Fenianism may, in the manifest designs of Providence, have been intended to arouse the British nation to a greater search of its own heart and spirit and conscience with reference to the condition of Ireland," he may perhaps only have intended to translate into fervid prose the truism that whatever is right, that neither plagues nor earthquakes, BORGIA nor CATILINE, ORSINI nor Fenianism are unknown to ALMIGHTY GOD, and that whatever God permits is capable of being overruled to good. This is all that the platitude can mean; for if Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. ALEXANDER POPE intended to go further, and to argue that God—for we dismiss the impalpable term Providence—purposely inspired, say, the Clerkenwell Gunpowder Plot, with a view to the next Session of Parliament, there will be a great many people who will not accept this estimate of exceptional interference from Heaven as a religious or consoling theory of the Divine attributes. A son, let us say, neglects his family duties, is idle, dissipated, and careless of his worldly calling; would a father be morally justified, in order to arouse him to a sense of his duties, in hiring a bravo to rob and mutilate him? For this is the exact aspect under which ALMIGHTY GOD is represented as ordaining and overruling Fenianism as a stimulant "intended to arouse this nation" to do its duty to Ireland. We do not think that Mr. GLADSTONE holds, or that any one holds, this dishonouring view of special Providences. What is really at the bottom of this sounding language is something perhaps quite as mischievous, though it is decorously veiled by this sort of language. Fenians, he says, are certainly responsible for their outrages and murders; but nothing short of such outrages and murders would ever compel the British nation to do its duty to Ireland. If Providence had at its command other and less violent methods of forcing us to do our duty, Providence would doubtless have used milder hints; but the fact that the stronger method of argument has been resorted to is a sufficient proof of the urgency of the case. And, all events being of Providential arrangement, it follows that the Clerkenwell explosion is an event of Providence, and has its justification. This is what Mr. GLADSTONE's questionable language must mean, if it means anything. The distinction drawn by him is of



course that the murder and arson has its justification *quâ* Providence, not *quâ* its agents; which distinction, as a theorem in philosophy, may be very valuable, but in practice is liable to be overlooked. GUY FAWKES, ORSINI, RAVAILLAC, BRUTUS, and their like, merely resorted to the knife or the infernal machine because they were persuaded that the apathy and neglect of rulers could only be stirred by the rude assaults which they devised. Could less drastic medicines have done the work, there is no reason to suppose they would not have availed themselves of them. We hardly think, however, that a very strong dissuasive from acts of violence and treason is offered by the calm philosophical statement that there are political wrongs so great that, in the designs of Providence, murder and rebellion are the natural, because the only possible, means by which the necessity of finding a righteous remedy can be effectively imposed upon the guilty governors. This would seem to be a favourite argument with Chancellors of the Exchequer, as it is precisely the sophism by which Mr. DISRAELI suggested that, on the whole, JUDAS ISCARIOT was something of a hero, and certainly a great human benefactor, for, had it not been for that traitor and his treason, the scheme of redemption had not been carried out. It might perhaps be as well for statesmen to attend to their own concerns, which are practical and mundane. Final causes are admirable subjects for speculation, but second causes are quite enough for Southport and Ormskirk; and the lesson which Mr. GLADSTONE, we believe, meant to suggest would have been quite as forcible had he said nothing about Providence in connexion with the murder of Serjeant BRETT and the slaughter of the Clerkenwell victims.

Rhetoric has a good deal to answer for. In the passage which we have just commented upon, Providence, after all, only appears as a graceful and ornamental figure of speech. The phrase is like the elaborate flourish with which signatures used to be authenticated and embellished—an ornament difficult to follow in all its convolutions, and, when followed, one which does not mean much. So with what is another convenient and oratorical phrase. Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. BRIGIT, the preachers at the fictitious funerals of the martyred patriots, Mr. MAGUIRE, and all the writers of newspaper articles, talk of our duties to Ireland, and of the Irish mind, and the Irish nation. "Ireland for Ever" is the Fenian slogan. What animates the so-called patriotism, and even extracts the hard-earned money from the pockets, of Americanized Irishmen is the wrongs of Ireland. All this really runs up into a rhetorical figure—that of impersonation. If Ireland really were what painters and poets represent that country—a young female scantily clothed and wandering about with a harp—these expressions would be very much to the purpose. As it is, we are almost driven to the very prosaic and vulgar inquiry, What is Ireland? or rather, Who is Ireland? Is Ireland an individual, and is the British nation an individual? Is it a case of two personalities, each with separate consciences and distinct minds? Can Ireland, or Poland, be dealt with, as a matter of fact, under this notion of a simple personality? Are nations concrete and individual for any other purpose than geographical expressions or rhetorical phrases? Can an Act of Parliament deal with Ireland as an actual living being? If not, are not half the difficulties of the Irish question centred in this misleading impersonation? If by Ireland is meant only the peasantry, or only the landlords, or only the clergy, or only the soil, or only the Celtic race, we might grant that the word has a meaning. Ask any orator or talker what he means when he talks of duties towards Ireland, and he at once denounces absenteeism, or the Established Church, or discourses upon tenant rights, or tenant wrongs, or the poor-rate, or the Grand Jury system, or something which we can understand. But Ireland as a wronged being, Ireland as a person with a grievance, Ireland as a contracting party, Ireland with a moral nature and conscience, we do not understand. Once let a man talk of Ireland generally, and there is no holding him, because there is nothing to grapple with. And there is another sophism which pervades the declamation of all the popular speakers on Ireland. Grant them the personality, and it is easy to construct a biography and invent a series of personal dealings between England and Ireland which looks just as real and historical as the relations between CÆSAR and POMPEY. The fact is just the other way. Ireland means a long history and its results; it means not a mixture, but a complication of races, religions, civilizations; it means a climate and soil; it means the outcome, as they say, of a thousand years of good and evil; it means not a body politic, for Ireland never was a kingdom, or a State, or even a nationality, or a race, but only a state of things, not an organized or

palpable definite whole. Whence it follows that the copious oratory which dilates on the wrongs of Ireland and the sufferings of Ireland, and "the compact between England and Ireland," and what has happened "between this country and that country," is practically misleading. Mr. GLADSTONE says, "If I am asked to say what ought to have been our policy towards Ireland? I point to the policy adopted as between England and Scotland." Can any statesman, or can even a tyro in political knowledge, be found who will assert that the relations of England to Scotland are, or were, as regards history, policy, or anything else, identical with those now or ever existing between England and Ireland? Even to talk of Irish history is an illusion. Mr. THOMAS MOORE, and the late Mr. O'CONNELL, might point a song or a speech with the glories of KING MALACHI or BRIAN BOROIHME, ST. PATRICK or FINGAL; but these are hardly safe grounds on which to legislate.

What one regrets is that Mr. GLADSTONE did not plainly tell us what he would do, or have us do. An ounce of policy is worth a ton of rhetoric, and after all the usual verbosity about claims of Ireland, and duties to Ireland, and Irish policy, and Irish wrongs, and principles to be applied to Ireland, at the very point when we ask for the statesman the shifty rhetorician slides off into a pompous platitude. "As to the modes of giving effect to this principle"—the principle being the very explicit and tangible and practical one that "obligations subsist between England and Ireland"—"as to the modes of giving effect to this principle I don't enter upon them. I am of opinion they should be dictated, as a general rule, by that which may appear to be the mature, well-considered, and general sense of the Irish people." As much as to say, I can assure you that it is every man's duty to do his duty; and it is certainly and indisputably right to do what is right. Of all the irritating and disheartening things about Ireland this vague, desultory, purposeless talk is the most dispiriting. *In generalibus latet falsitas.* Mr. BRIGIT, to do him justice, is explicit; duty to Ireland at Birmingham means the ballot and a forced sale of the land. At Southport and Ormskirk justice to Ireland means justice to Ireland. Perhaps, however, we are doing Mr. GLADSTONE a wrong. Ireland, he says, is bound to find its own remedy for its own grievance. If we are asked what she wants and what she must have—observe the value of the personal pronoun—we shall find it "in the mature, well-considered, and general sense of the Irish people." Brave and sonorous words; but what do they mean? "The Irish people"; who are the Irish people, as we have just asked? North or South, Ulster or Connaught, landlords or capitalists or small farmers, priests or peasants, Fenians, Whiteboys, or Orangemen? "Mature sense"; mature or ripe, the Dictionaries tell us; how long is the sense to be kept till it is ripe? "Well-considered"; that is, debated, turned over on every side, referred and examined and pondered over; but by whom? by "the general Irish people." But how convoked, how consulted, how deliberating, how expressing their convictions, how notifying them? by and from whom, and to whom? By an Irish Parliament? By a *plebiscite*? By ballot? By the aid of the Vatican, Mr. STEPHENS, or Mr. ROBERTS? If Mr. GLADSTONE had said, You must give Ireland another history and another set of inhabitants; you must give Ireland iron and coal; you must give Ireland a population loving industry and really caring for the arts of life; you must give Ireland just everything which because it has not and cannot have, it is Ireland, he would certainly have said something intelligible; that is, he would only have suggested an impossible remedy. There are a vast number of people who really do not know what to suggest for Ireland. We own ourselves to belong to this stupid party. If Mr. GLADSTONE is one of them, he might, under the circumstances, have said a good deal less; for to pretend to say something when you have nothing to say is unworthy of a statesman. On the other hand, if Mr. GLADSTONE really has any remedy for all these grievances and wrongs, he has done to himself less than justice, and to his country less than duty, by not solemnly recording and proposing that remedy.

#### SPAIN.

THE Queen of SPAIN, in a Speech which is of course composed by her Ministers, congratulates the Cortes in language of unqualified cheerfulness on the condition of public affairs. In the words of Royalty, "a beautiful subject of admiration is offered by a great people which during cen-

"turies preserves the essential character of its individuality as a nation, and keeps with persevering determination the purity of its inherited faith and the ancient deposit of its honour and its fame, without refusing nevertheless to walk in the new paths which the omnipotence of the SUPREME BEING incessantly opens to the activity of mankind." In humbler phrase, Spain is still legally and actually orthodox, and it possesses a system of railways. No country in Europe has, during the present generation, advanced so rapidly in wealth and population, though the progress which has taken place is partly explained by the miserable condition from which Spain has emerged since the close of the civil wars. The enthusiasts who formerly hoped that the Spaniards would set the Continent an example of constitutional freedom have been utterly disappointed; but order is the first condition of improvement, and the Governments which have suppressed nearly all the securities of liberty have, on the whole, discharged their primary duty of preserving the peace. The little revolutions which have succeeded or failed have not penetrated deep into the social organization, and provincial farmers care little whether NARVAEZ and GONZALEZ BRAVO are in exile or in office. There is yet room for an indefinite increase of material prosperity, for the greater part of Spain is still destitute of roads, and industry is hampered by perverse economic laws. While the rest of Europe is continually anticipating a general war, Spain is certain to remain at peace, unless some Minister should think it his interest to engage in an entirely unprofitable crusade. There is nothing to be gained by adventures beyond the Pyrenees, and for the first time since the days of LOUIS XIV. Spain is exempt from liability to invasion. Foreign Governments have happily at last discovered that they have nothing to do with the internal politics of Spain, nor would a change of dynasty, or even the establishment of a Republic, be promoted or prevented by external force.

Every nation has a right to judge of its own interests, and to appreciate the advantages which it supposes itself to enjoy. The Government of Spain records, as a reason for national complacency, the suppression of two rebellions in a single year, the alleged improvement of financial credit, and the acquiescence of the people in the rigorous measures which have been thought expedient for the discouragement of insurrection. The same facts might have been quoted by assailants of the Government for an opposite purpose, with equal appropriateness and effect. Twice within a year, it might have been said, generals of high rank have thought the system of Government so unstable as to hope to overthrow the Ministry, if not the dynasty itself, by securing the expected aid of a few ambitious officers and disaffected regiments. The measures of public order which form the ground of the Ministerial boast have consisted in the alternation of courts-martial with punishment inflicted at the discretion of the Government or of the generals in command, and in the arbitrary imprisonment and exile of some of the principal persons in the kingdom. It is not altogether a reason for national rejoicing that no resistance has been offered to measures of irregular violence, nor is it easy to ascertain how far passive submission corresponds to popular contentment. The financial improvement which the Government announces consists simply in the final repudiation of a large portion of a lawful debt; and any public or private debtor may secure a similar advantage if he has an opportunity of confiscating the property of his creditors. When the QUEEN is advised to state that her army has given glorious proofs of its fidelity, a critic might indvidiously remark that abstinence from mutiny is not the crowning virtue of a soldier. General PRIM and the other conspirators certainly supposed that some of the troops would join their standards, and in the first of the two attempts their hopes were not altogether disappointed. Civilians in Spain have long ceased to take part in insurrections, which succeed or fail as they are more or less actively supported by the army. The QUEEN has, in the course of her reign, had reason to regard with comparative indifference the contests of military adventurers who have fought with one another for the privilege of exercising arbitrary power in the name of the Crown. It is doubtful whether O'DONNELL was not, at the time of his death, projecting a revolutionary attempt which might have been dangerous to the dynasty; but it is not easy to see what the country would gain by the substitution of another BOURBON prince for the actual occupant of the throne, or by the conversion of a President of the Council into the President of a Republic. The American colonies of Spain would have saved themselves much bloodshed and disorder if they had thought fit to retain the form of hereditary

monarchy after the establishment of their independence. Where power is the prize of arms, it is more convenient that soldiers of fortune should fight for the second place in the State than for the first. Future insurgents in Spain receive notice that their offences will not be leniently treated, for the law which has enabled NARVAEZ to banish or decimate his opponents is to be made more stringent during the present Session. It may be possible to make the repressive measures of the Government more legal, but it will be difficult to increase their severity.

On the foreign relations of Spain the QUEEN is almost silent; nor is the country informed whether O'DONNELL's idle enterprise against the South American States on the Pacific coast is definitively abandoned. To the credit of NARVAEZ it may be said that he has always discountenanced attempts to recover any of the lost dominions of Spain. It was during his tenure of office that the garrison was withdrawn from San Domingo; and his predecessor is exclusively responsible for the wanton quarrel with Chili and Peru. A few months since, the mediation of the United States was rejected by both the belligerents; but, in the absence of hostilities, it ought to be practicable to conclude a peace by direct negotiation. The reconquest of any part of Spanish America, even if it were not absolutely impracticable, would be an unmixd disadvantage to the Mother-country. The colony of Cuba is only mentioned in the Speech for the purpose of expressing a proper sympathy for the sufferers by cholera. Nothing is said of measures for abolishing slavery, or of the policy of the Government with reference to the slave trade. The planters appear still to hope that every new Governor will connive once more at the profitable traffic which has been temporarily interrupted; but it may be assumed that the Spanish Government will not give the United States a plausible pretext for seizing on a territory which has long been coveted. As Mr. BUCHANAN stated that the possession of Cuba was necessary for the protection of slavery, one of his successors may declare with equal confidence that it is an imperative duty to expel the Spaniards from the last stronghold of slavery. As might be expected, no notice is taken in the Speech of the report that Cuba and Porto Rico had been purchased by the United States. Even if Spain were willing to part with the islands, Congress would perhaps grudge the payment of a large sum for a territory which will sooner or later be acquired on cheaper terms. The principal exception to the general reticence on foreign relations consists in the statement that the Spanish Government offered to assist the French in protecting the POPE. The QUEEN has also cordially adhered to the project of a Conference, which is designed, in her judgment, to guarantee the legitimate rights of the POPE, and to satisfy the orthodox sentiments of the Spanish nation. If the scheme had not exploded before it assumed a definite shape, the Italian Government might perhaps have inquired whether the unhesitating judgment of Spain coincided with the policy of France. It may be conjectured that, in dealing with a question which tends to no practical result, the Minister has humoured the prejudices of the Court, although he has not formally reversed the decision of his predecessor. O'DONNELL's firmness in procuring the recognition of the Italian Kingdom has been thought to have been one of the causes of his removal from office; and the present Minister, who has probably not the smallest desire to quarrel with Italy in the cause of the POPE, may think that it is as well to court Royal favour by professing extraordinary zeal for the interests of the Church.

The most practical portion of the Speech is the declaration that the compromise offered to the public creditors is irrevocable and final. The dissentients, it is said, will probably withdraw their objections, both because the proposed settlement is just, and more especially because there is no hope of better conditions. Of all national defaulters, with the exception perhaps of some of the American States, Spain has been the most obstinate and the most inexcusable. The resources of the country have doubled, and the revenue has greatly increased, since the contraction of the debt; and in this instance honesty would have been the best policy, inasmuch as the gain realized at the expense of good faith is overbalanced by the exclusion of the Spanish Government for many years from the principal money-markets of Europe. It is not certain whether the terms offered by the Government will be accepted, and, unless provision is made for the case of trustees, a portion of the debt will be entirely confiscated. That not a single creditor will be satisfied may be confidently affirmed, although it is impossible to enforce against a Government the imperfect obligation of paying a debt of honour. In Spain the



paragraph of the Speech relating to the debt will perhaps be thought a sufficient compensation for the unsatisfactory character of some other portions of the document.

#### THE REVENUE RETURNS.

UNTIL this year the examination of the Revenue Returns had, for a long time, been a monotonous occupation. Year after year there had been the same sort of improvement—sometimes a little more, sometimes a little less—but so apparently certain that any Chancellor of the Exchequer whose estimates had not been exceeded by one or two millions would have been condemned at once as having miscalculated the figures which past experience had supplied. There is, unfortunately, no reason to suppose that the last estimates were otherwise than faithfully framed on the basis of the returns of the previous year, but it is now almost certain that the actual income of the nation will be found at the end of the financial year to be no larger than it was in 1866. For the present, the Revenue has ceased to grow, and indeed shows a minute falling-off of 120,000*l.*, in place of the usual increase of ten or twenty times that amount. If we look to the heads under which the loss occurs (for stagnation in revenue when population is, and wealth should be, increasing, can be called by no name but loss), we shall find little to neutralize the impression produced by the grand totals. The Customs have produced 22,600,000*l.* in place of 21,900,000*l.*, showing an increase of 715,000*l.*, or about three per cent.; but the growth in the last quarter is less than in any other of the year, being only 138,000*l.*, or at the rate of 2½ per cent. This, though the most favourable item in the returns, shows that the increase in our importations is considerably less rapid than usual, and that the deterioration is not yet proved to have reached the turning-point. A diminution in Customs may, however, be due to economy rather than poverty, and so far would be anything but a subject of regret. Other returns, however, show that our exports have declined still more unmistakably, and confirm what indeed needs no confirmation, that trade during the past year has languished, and lost all its usual elasticity. The Excise is always a more instructive guide than the Customs, because the bulk of these duties fall chiefly on the labouring classes, who always spend more when they have more to spend. A reduced consumption of beer and gin must necessarily be ascribed to the poverty, and not to the prudence, of the masses; and as the Excise revenue has not only failed to increase, but has diminished by 660,000*l.*, we may be sure that the aggregate amount of wages received has fallen off in fully the same proportion, and has been probably not less than four per cent. below the amount of the previous year. The reduced sum, moreover, having to be divided among a larger number of recipients, the average loss of each labouring family must be estimated at a still higher rate. The apportionment of the loss to the several quarters does not improve the picture, for in the first quarter there was an actual improvement of 54,000*l.*, in the next a loss of 116,000*l.*, in the third a loss of 220,000*l.*, and in the last the greatest loss of all—namely, 380,000*l.* In other words, the condition of the labouring classes has been getting worse up to the end of the year, the loss to the Excise revenue amounting at the present time to 7½ per cent., which can scarcely imply less than a ten per cent. reduction in the amount of wages paid. This signifies a winter of more than ordinary hardship, which will doubtless be met by more than the usual measure of benevolent assistance. If there were not independent grounds for believing that the stagnation of trade has at last touched its lowest point, there would be nothing to give a brighter tone to these rather gloomy figures. The Stamp revenue is to some extent an index of commercial activity; and in this there is an improvement on the year, though a slight decrease on the last quarter—a further confirmation of the general opinion that trade has been at the worst at the end, or at any rate until very nearly the end, of the year. The Property and Income Tax returns have a similar tale to tell. There has been a falling-off on the year of 192,000*l.*, or nearly four per cent. In the last quarter the loss amounts to 434,000*l.*, the earlier part of the year having shown an improvement. This would make the rate of diminution towards the close of the year more than eight per cent.; but the nature of this tax is such, and its collection is so irregular in time, as to allow of little dependence being placed upon the comparison of the quarterly receipts. The Post Office revenue has grown steadily in every quarter, but here again we find the last quarter's returns the least favourable, the improvement being

only 40,000*l.*, or 3½ per cent., against 5½ per cent. which is the average for the whole year. The Assessed Taxes also have fallen off in the last quarter, although they have increased upon the year.

It is impossible to deny that these figures speak only too plainly of a depression of industry increasing up to the end of the year. The return is the worst that has been seen for many years, not even excepting the period of the cotton famine, but it is so mainly because we have been accustomed for so long a period to uninterrupted progress that the slightest check fills us with surprise and disappointment. After all, the actual loss on the year is scarcely appreciable—less than ¼ per cent. of the entire Revenue; and thus far the ascertained result is merely this, that we have lost one year of our usual progress, and stand now pretty much where we were on the 1st of January, 1867, with the one important exception that the interval which separates us from the cause of the mischief is three times as great as it then was. Moreover, it is to be remembered that the previous return with which the comparison of the present is made was one of an extraordinary kind. Notwithstanding the panic, the Revenue of 1866 showed an improvement of nearly 2,500,000*l.*, or about one-third more than the normal increase. According to the usual estimates of the natural growth of the Revenue, two years ought to add 3,500,000*l.* to the national income in the absence of any alteration in taxation. Of the last two years, one has contributed nothing in the shape of increase, while the other has given 1,000,000*l.* less than the amount fairly to be expected from the two together. This, therefore, is the more exact measure of our loss. The ordinary increment for eight months would amount to more than a million; so that, if we group the whole period since the beginning of 1866 together, what we have to regret is a cessation of improvement during some eight months, and that is all, unless the stagnation should continue for some part of the coming year. On consideration, it may be thought that this is not a heavier penalty than the nation deserved for all the follies that culminated in the panic of 1866; nor is it one that may not be borne with patience, and perhaps recouped by the first year of wholesome commercial activity. Still it is not a small thing for a country like England to stand still in developing her productive power for two-thirds of a year; and it is only to be regretted that this and many other results of excessive speculation are never remembered except at times when excessive speculation is impossible. The tardiness with which the influences set at work by a commercial crisis produce their natural effect still further diminishes the impressiveness of the lesson. Until very recently the country was quite jubilant at the strange elasticity of the Revenue in the year when OVEREND, GURNEY, and Co. closed their doors, quite forgetting that the retribution might still be impending, as we now know that it was. Nor is there anything surprising in this. Many of our taxes are based upon profits and dealings at least a year prior to the date of collection, and if a series of Revenue returns were carefully analysed for the purpose, it would probably be found that they measure, as a rule, rather the prosperity of the previous than of the current year. If this is so, we can scarcely expect a very early rebound. The depression of trade has not yet been recovered, and the national income in 1868 will probably suffer from the stagnation of 1867, just as that of the present year has suffered from the calamities of 1866. It is unlucky that the exceptional expense of the Abyssinian Expedition should have fallen upon so unlucky a time, and we may think ourselves fortunate if the additional penny of Income-tax should prove to be the last of the demands which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER may have to make on this account. Mr. DISRAELI will, no doubt, have the tact to see that these are not times for ambitious Budgets, and that the only sound financial policy for the Government is one of careful economy and sober expectation.

#### MAN AND HIS MASTER.

THERE are, it must be owned, few things on earth of less interest at first sight than a girl in her teens. She is a mere bundle of pale colourless virtues, a little shy, slightly studious, passively obedient, tamely religious. Her tastes are "simple"—she has no particular preference, that is, for anything; her aims incline mildly towards a future of balls to come; her rule of life is an hourly reference to "mamma." She is without even the charm of variety; she has been hot-pressed in the most approved finishing establishments, and is turned out the exact double of her sister or her cousin or her friend, with the same

stereotyped manner, the same smattering of accomplishments, the same contribution to society of her little sum of superficial information. We wonder how it is that any one can take an interest in a creature of this sort, just as we wonder how any one can take an interest in the *Court Circular*. And yet there are few sentiments more pardonable, as there are none more national, than our interest in that marvellous document. A people which chooses to be governed by kings and queens has a right to realize the fact that kings and queens are human beings, that they shoot, drive, take the air like the subjects whom they govern. And if in some coming day we are to toss up our hats and shout ourselves hoarse for a sovereign who is still in his cradle, it is wise as well as natural that we should cultivate an interest in his babyhood, that we should hang on the vicissitudes of his teeth and his measles, that we should be curious as to the title of his spelling-book, and the exact score of his last game at cricket. It is precisely the same interest which attaches us to the loosely-tied bundle of virtues and accomplishments which we call a girl. We recognise in her our future ruler. The shy, modest creature who has no thought but a dance, and no will but mamma's, will in a few years be our master, changing our habits, moulding our tastes, bending our character to her own. In the midst of our own drawing-room, in our pet easy-chair, we shall see that retiring figure quietly establish, with downcast eyes, and hands busy with their crochet-needles, what Knox called, in days before a higher knowledge had dawned, "the Monstrous Regimen of Woman."

We are far from sharing the sentiments of the Scotch Reformer, and if we attempt here to seize a few of the characteristics of the rule against which he revolted, we hope to avoid his bitterness as carefully as his prolixity. What was a new thing in his day has become old in ours, and man learns perhaps somewhat too easily to acquiesce in "established facts." It is without a dream of revolt, and simply in a philosophical spirit, that we approach the subject. Indeed it is a feeling of admiration rather than of rebellion which seizes us when we begin to reflect on the character of woman's sway, and on the simplicity of the means by which she creates and establishes it. A little love, a little listening, a little patience, a little persistence, and the game is won. How charmingly natural and unobjectionable, for instance, is the very first move in it—what we may venture to call, since we have to create the very terminology of our subject, the Isolation of Man. When Brown meets us in the street and hopes that his approaching marriage will make no difference in our friendship, and that we shall see as much of one another as before, we know that the phrases simply mean that our intimacy is at an end. There will be no more pleasant lounges in the morning, no more strolls in the Park, no more evenings at the Club. Woman has succeeded in so completely establishing this cessation of former friendships as a condition of the new married life that hardly any one dreams of thinking what an enormous sacrifice it is. There are very few men, after all, who are not dependent on their little group of intimates for the general drift of their opinions, the general temper of their mind and character of their lives. Their mutual advice, support, praise or dispraise, enthusiasm, abhorrences, likings, dislikings, constitute the atmosphere in which one lives. A good deal of real modesty lingers about an unmarried man; he feels far more confident in his own opinion if he knows it is Smith's opinion too, and his conception of life acquires all its definiteness from its being shared with half a dozen fairly reasonable fellows. It is no slight triumph that woman should not only have succeeded in enforcing the dissolution of this social tie as the first condition of married life, but that she has invested that dissolution with the air of an axiom which nobody dreams of disputing. The triumph is, as we said, won by the simplest agency—by nothing, in short, but a dexterous double appeal to human conceit. She is so weak, so frail, so helpless, so strange to this new world into which she has plunged from the realms of innocent girlhood, so utterly dependent on her husband, that a man sees at once that he has not a moment left for any one else. There is pleasure in the thought of all that delicate weakness appealing to our strength, of that innocent ignorance looking up to us for guidance through the wildernesses of the world. Of course it will soon be over, and when the dear dependent has learnt to walk alone a little we can go back to the old faces and take our cigar as before. But somehow the return never comes, or, if it does come, the old faces have grown far less enchanting to us. The truth is, we have tasted the second pleasure of married life—the pleasure of being an authority. All that shy appeal to us, all that confession of ignorance, has taught us what wonderfully wise fellows we are. We are far less inclined to wait for Smith's approval, or to take our tone from the group at the Club-window. It is, to say the least, far pleasanter to be an authority at home. Gradually we find ourselves becoming oracular, having opinions on every subject that a leading article can give us one upon, correcting the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Malt-tax and censuring Lord Stanley's policy towards the King of Ashantee. Life takes a new interest when we can put it so volubly into words. At the same time we feel that the interest is hardly shared by the world. Our old associates apparently fail to appreciate the change in us, or to listen to our disquisitions any more than they did of old. It is a comfort to feel that we have a home to retreat to, and that there is one there who will. To the subtle flattery, in short, of weakness and of ignorance, woman has now added the flattery of listening. To say little, to contribute hardly more than a cue now and then, but to be attentive, to be

interested, to brighten at the proper moment, to laugh at the proper joke, to suggest the exact amount of difficulties which you require to make your oratorical triumph complete, and to join with an unreserved assent in its conclusion, that is the simple secret of the power of ninety-nine wives out of a hundred. It is a power which is far from being confined to the home. The most brilliant salons have always been created by dexterous listeners. A pleasant house is not a house where one is especially talked to, but where one discovers that one talks more easily than elsewhere. The tact is certainly invaluable which enables a woman to know the strong points of her guests, to lead up to their subjects, to supply points for conversation, and then to leave it quietly alone. But it is only a display on the grand scale of that particular faculty of silence which wins its quiet triumphs on every hearth-rug.

This faculty, however, has other triumphs to win besides those in which it figures as a delicate administration of flattery to the vanity of man. It is the force which woman holds in reserve for the hour of revolt. For it must be owned that, pleasant as the tyranny is, men sometimes wake up to the fact that it is a tyranny, that in the most seductive way in the world they are being wheedled out of associations that are really dear to them, that their life is being cramped and confined, that their aims are being lowered. Then the newly-found eloquence exhausts itself in a declaration of revolt. Things cannot go on in this way, life cannot be ruined for caprices. It is needless perhaps to repeat the rhetoric of rebellion, and all the more needless because it shares the fate of all rhetoric in producing not the slightest impression on the mind to which it is addressed. The wife simply listens as before, though the listening is now far from encouraging to eloquence. She is perfectly patient, patient in her refusal to continue an irritating discussion, patient in bearing your little spurts of vexation; she listens quietly to-day, with the air of one who is perfectly prepared to listen quietly to-morrow. But even rhetoric has its limits, and now that the cues have ceased, a husband finds it a little difficult to keep up a discussion where he has to supply both arguments and replies. Moreover, the tact which managed in former days to place him in a highly pleasant position by the confession of weakness now, by the very same silent avowal, places him in a decidedly unpleasant one. If a woman's air simply says at the end of it all, "I can't answer you, but I know I am right," a man has a lurking sense that his copious rhetoric has had a smack of the cowardly as well as of the tyrannical about it. And so, after a vigorous denunciation of some particular thing which his wife has done, a husband commonly finds himself no further than before; and the very instant that, from sheer weariness, he ceases, the wife usually steals out and does it again. There is something feline about this combination of perfect patience with quiet persistence—a combination which the Jesuits on a larger scale have turned into the characteristic of their order. It is especially remarkable when it breaks the bonds of silence, and takes the form of what in vulgar language is called "nagging." No form of torture which has as yet been invented, save perhaps the slow dropping of water on some highly sensitive part of the frame, can afford a parallel to this ingenious application of the principle of persistence. The absolute certainty that, when snub or scolding or refusal have died into silence, the word will be said again; the certainty that it will be said year after year, month after month, week after week; the irritation of expecting it, the irritation of hearing it, the irritation of expecting it again, tell on the firmest will in the world. In the long run the wife wins. The son goes to Harrow, though reason has proved a dozen times over that we can only afford the expense of Marlborough; the family gets its Alpine tour, though logic and unpaid bills imperatively dictate the choice of a quiet watering-place. You yield, and you see that every one in the house knew that you would yield. There wasn't a servant who didn't know every turn of the domestic screw, or who took your resistance for more than the usual routine of the operation. "Time and I," said Philip of Spain, "against any two." It is no wonder if, fighting alone for prudence and economy, one is beaten by time and one's wife.

We have no wish to dispute the enormous benefits to man of woman's supremacy, but we may fairly leave the statement of them to the numerous troop of poets who dispute with Mr. Tupper the theme of the affections. For ourselves, we may undertake perhaps the humbler task of pointing out very briefly some of the disadvantages which, as in all human things, counterbalance these benefits. In the first place, feminine rule is certainly not favourable to anything like largeness of mind or breadth of view. It creates, as we have seen, an excessive self-conceit and opinionativeness, and then it directs these qualities to very small ends indeed. Woman lives from her childhood in a world of petty details, of minute household and other cares, of bargains where the price of every yard ends in some fraction of a penny. The habit of mind which is formed by these and similar influences becomes the spirit of the house, a spirit admirable no doubt in many ways, but excessively small. The quarrels of a woman's life, her social warfare, her battles about precedence, her upward progress from set to set, have all on them the same stamp of Lilliput. But it is to these small details, these little pleasures and little anxieties and little disappointments and little ambitions, that a wife generally manages to bend the temper of her spouse. He gets gradually to share her indifference to large interests, to broad public questions. He imbibes little by little the most fatal of all kinds of selfishness, the selfishness of the home.



It would be difficult perhaps to say how much of the patriotism of the Old World was owing to the inferior position of woman; but it is certain that the influence of woman tells fatally against any self-sacrificing devotion to those larger public virtues of which patriotism is one of the chief. Whether from innate narrowness of mind, or from defective training, or from the excessive development of the affections, family interests far outweigh, in the feminine estimation, any larger national or human considerations. If ever the suffrage is given to woman, it will be necessary to punish bribery with the treadmill, for no "person" will regard it as a crime to barter away her vote for a year's schooling for Johnny or a new frock for Maud. Nothing tells more plainly the difference between the Old World and the New than the constant returns home during war. We can hardly conceive Pericles or even Alcibiades applying for leave of absence on the ground of "private affairs." But then Pericles and Alcibiades had no home that they could set above the interests of the State. Lastly, from this narrow view bounded strictly by the limits and interests of the home comes, it may be feared, a vast deal of social and political bitterness and intolerance. Her very nature, her "deductive spirit," as Mr. Buckle puts it prettily for her, make woman essentially a dogmatist. She has none of the larger intercourse with other minds and adverse circumstances which often creates the form, if not the spirit, of tolerance in the narrowest of men. Her very excellence and faith make her exactly what they made Queen Mary—a conscientious and therefore merciless persecutor. It is just this feminine narrowness, this feminine conscientiousness, in the clergy which unfits them for any position where justice or moderation is requisite. Justice is a quality unknown to woman, and against which she wages a fierce battle in the house and in the world. There are few husbands who have been made more just, more tolerant, more large-hearted and large-headed, by their wives; for justice lives in a drier light than that of the affections, and dry light is not a very popular mode of illumination under "the monstrous regimen of women."

#### BAD HANDWRITING.

WHEN great people star it in the provinces they are very frequently in the habit of selecting some copy-book maxim about honesty, or temperance, or early rising, and telling the rest of the world that they themselves owe all their success in life to the assiduous cultivation of this one gentle virtue. Bishops, politicians, Lord Mayors of London, and provincial members of Parliament all do it. They get up gravely in their county hall, or on some public platform, and relate with an air of stolid sincerity how one day when they were young somebody said something to them about always dotting their i's. From that moment the young exemplar began to dot them. It was the turning-point in his career. Ever since that time fortune has smiled upon him. Busy or idle, ill or well, merry or melancholy, he never forgot to dot his i's, and the consequence is that mankind is now able to look up to him, and see him in his present proud position. As a rule, this sort of cheap philosophical sawdust takes admirably with an audience. We all like the lower classes to be talked to in so useful a way. The anecdote gets into the county newspapers, is repeated in the paragraphs of every penny-liner, and ultimately finds its way into tracts. Everybody knows the kind of anecdote which begins, "The late Mr. So and So used to say that, when he was a boy, he once had occasion, &c. &c." There is probably about as much truth in it as there is in most biographical reminiscences; but all wise men are aware that such veracious anecdotes can be used without stint as a cheap means of administering moral pills to the young digestion of the middle or lower classes. Thanks to the large application of them to the systems of all classes in common, most of us have grown up with many excellent maxims graven, if not on our character, at any rate on our memories. We know that, if we are to be rich and famous, we must always dot our i's, cross our t's, rise early, never forget to be five minutes earlier than our appointments, be civil to the aged, especially to rich unmarried aunts, be the first to arrive at our business and the last to leave it, with a hundred other sound, salutary, proverbial lessons of the sort. Lord Nelson did one, the Duke of Wellington invariably practised another, and somebody else did a third. If we wish to be Nelsons or Wellingtons, we must copy these little peculiarities in the way geniuses have walked and worn their clothes, and the rest will surely come to us in Heaven's good time, and we shall perhaps end by being geniuses also.

No maxim of this humdrum description is more constantly preached by successful men in their easy-going provincial fits of moral philosophy, than the maxim that it is our duty to take care to write a clear, distinct, legible hand. Somebody in the Foreign Office has always got a standing story about a British Consul who goes about Europe as the "frightful example" of illegibility. He is a regular tame donkey that is always trotted out at farmers' gatherings or village public meetings. Lord Palmerston began the laudable custom of playing Aunt Sally—if we may coin for the occasion an expression—with his reputation; and every one since Lord Palmerston flings his stick at the unhappy nameless British Consul. He seldom is safe during the autumn recess; and, like the stag that has seen a score of runs, by this time feels no doubt accustomed to be turned out for an annual consul hunt either by Lord Malmesbury, Lord Lyveden, or

some other political or episcopal philosopher. And we do not for a single instant presume to say that the advice illustrated by his melancholy history is not sound, and that all young people ought not repeatedly to be urged to write a plain upright hand, and never to neglect their stops. In the first place, to deny this would be to fly in the face of all copy-books, a thing never to be done in the presence of the young. And secondly, nothing is more desirable than that persons in humble walks of life should be encouraged to write legibly. They are usually paid to do so, and their thorough discharge of the duty which they are deputed to perform saves the eyes and the time of their betters. Clerks and servants and secretaries, and possibly consuls and ambassadors, are kept for the purpose, and bely their very *raison d'être* if their employers cannot decipher easily and quickly what they have written. Such useful auxiliaries of private and public business are meant to be machines, and to keep their handwriting in order as part of the machinery of their office. They have no more right to blot their letters or despatches than a book-keeper or cashier has to make mistakes in his entries or in his accounts. But if the precepts about good handwriting are meant, not for this special class, but for humanity at large, there is a good deal to be recollected, on the other hand, which rather damages their claim to be considered as part and parcel of a universal code of moral wisdom. One would think it a little hard on humanity if it was to be periodically informed that the secret of success was never to do addition sums wrong, or to be inaccurate in long division or in tare and tret. We should naturally reply that such advice, however sensible, need not be erected into a solemn warning to all the universe. Many of us never do an addition sum from one year's end to another, and only recollect about tare and tret that its name comes in arithmetic books somewhere between compound interest and decimals. We keep lewens of wood and drawers of water to execute these common duties of the multiplication table for us. Either our wives or our bankers or our agents look after them, and we trust with some confidence that they know all that is necessary about them. Commercial men, or those that have to deal with large sums of money, themselves are interested in acquiring such mechanical arts; and Chancellors of the Exchequer of course must master them also. But tare and tret is probably about as important to Lord Stanley or to Mr. Tennyson or to the Emperor of the French as a sound understanding of Mr. Gladstone's views about *Evee Homo* is to Mr. Disraeli. And so it is with the great philosophy of legible handwriting. Viewed as a system of moral instruction for our inferiors, nothing, not even the rule always to be sober and to attend diligently to sermons, could be more unimpeachable. But if it is meant that we all of us are to apply it to ourselves, it is really high time to draw the line. It only requires a little extra moral courage boldly to raise the flag of illegibility, and plenty of excellent, and indeed eminent and illustrious, men will in their hearts rally round it. And here, we may observe, is a splendid instance of the value of anonymous journalism, which Mr. Congreve and his friends have been of late years so vigorously denouncing. It might require superhuman chivalry in any one man to take up his parable, and to prophesy in favour of bad writing under his own name. The world would swiftly and speedily be down upon him. Every prig would mark the luckless crusader out for his especial prey. He would never be admitted into the select circles of the legible and of the virtuous. Neither secular nor episcopal preferment would ever be his lot, nor could he ever hope to be made either governor of a colony, bishop of a diocese (except in the West Indies), or Lord Mayor. Such great doctrines as the truth that illegibility is necessary and unobjectionable at times, never could be given to mankind except under the cover of the anonymous.

The first fact which a defender of bad handwriting would of course rely upon would be the indisputable one that, for every great man who writes well, twenty probably write badly. It is not that they have been brought up to do so, or that there has been any defect in this branch of their education. All of us have laboured in our sweet youth to please our Orbilius, and known the chastening influence of the copy-book and the ruler. In reality the busy avocations of life have rendered it impossible for men to adhere to the excellent practices of the school-room. Writing well is a mere question of time and leisure. Those who have as much as they want of both can always afford to spend it on their chirography, but time and leisure cannot uniformly be had by those who have to write. The difference between what is well and what is badly written is, that in legible handwriting the letters are slowly and deliberately formed, are more perfectly rounded, and more carefully finished. Those who have to write twenty memoranda or epistles in a limited period of twenty minutes could never perform their business if they were forced to aim at the perfection of a scribe. They must be content with far more moderate performances, and, on the whole, rest satisfied if they steer clear of real illegibility. To waste efforts in elaborating a manuscript would be ridiculous. There is a very well-known story of a great lawyer—let us say for the look of the thing, and after the manner of provincial speech-makers, that it was Lord Eldon—whose legal "opinions" nobody ever could decipher except his clerk. This is necessarily an extreme case, but even here it is obvious that, if the clerk was up to his duty, Lord Eldon gained so many minutes a day by the arrangement, and Lord Eldon's clients were none the worse. If the eminent opinion composer had devoted more labour to dotting his i's, less opinions would have been finished per day, and less advantage accordingly

would have resulted to the litigious public. By a little stretch of fancy we can conceive of a thoroughly useful anecdote composed entirely on the supposition that a man who otherwise would have been Lord Chancellor lost all his chances in life by a priggish and Pharisaical inclination to put in all his semicolons and full stops. In his earlier practice at the bar let us imagine that he was consulted by a powerful and important client. An opinion was to be given in an hour. Anxiety to put in his stops prevented its completion; and the important client was of course for ever alienated. The moral, which we commend to social speech-makers, is obvious. Never pause to put in your stops. It is quite as excellent, and for anything we know, fully as historical as any opposite story, the moral of which was, invariably to put them in.

Very soon after a man ceases to be a boy, he has to learn by experience the lesson that, unless perfection in handwriting is one of the duties of his calling, a minimum and not a maximum of perfection is what is most calculated to serve his purpose. A young prodigy goes up from Eton or Harrow to the University. He is run by his tutors and his friends, like a steeple-chaser, for every Cambridge scholarship and tripes. In order to compete on equal terms with his rivals, he has to teach himself the art of writing quickly no less than legibly. The true *via media*, of course, is that which lies midway between legibility and rapidity. The examiners have to read what he composes, so it is in his interest not to be absolutely obscure. But it is equally his interest to crowd all that he has to say on paper in a very brief space of time, and the result is that he comes to a compromise with himself on the subject. But he leaves his examinations with a great breach made in his old habits of clear writing. His characters are no longer fashioned as precisely or as roundly as they were. And the hole made in his schoolboy handwriting goes on widening every step he takes in life. If his occupation makes continuous writing part of his daily life, he cannot fail to end in considerable laxity. Epistles have to be despatched every afternoon in hot haste. Those to whom they are addressed have more spare minutes, it may be, to give to the perusal of them than he can bestow on their composition. Possibly he has subordinates under him who are employed for the very object of converting his hurried manuscript into what is readable by others. The faster he can write the more work he can perform, and no one has a right to lecture him about the way in which he gets through the mass of daily business which he takes on his shoulders. The abstract theory of complete legibility is therefore only half true as far as he is concerned. In the case of every man there may be limits beyond which he should not, for his own sake, allow his handwriting to degenerate. Self-interest, however, will teach him these limits in a practical way, and he wants no moral philosophers to preach at him about them. A wise man knows much better than any of his ethical advisers how far he can afford to write illegibly, and what stress of necessity is on him to make his chirography perfect. The question is one of degree and of circumstance. It varies according to the case of individuals, and in each individual it varies according to the nature and requirements of the work which at any given moment he is performing. What is true for the goose is not necessarily true for the gander, and what would be a matter of absolute indifference in the case of Lord Eldon was, we freely admit, nothing less than a monstrous dereliction of duty in the apocryphal British Consul.

There is one sort of vice which ought certainly to be put down with a high hand. Nobody who is not a busy person ought ever to be permitted to write to those who are busy except in a fine flowing hand. The virtue of legibility stands in this respect on a level with such virtues as early rising. Early rising is, as we all must see, a habit earnestly to be inculcated on the sluggard, and Dr. Watts showed a wise discrimination in pointing his moral exclusively at him. If we pass from the case of the sluggard to that of the industrious member of society, it is a totally different affair. And so too about the virtue of a fastidious and excessive legibility. It is emphatically to be desired that all idle creatures, especially ladies, should always under all circumstances be compelled, even by Act of Parliament, to write a hand as clear as print. Nothing is more aggravating to superior intellects than to have to spend five minutes over a paragraph in a letter from a charming but frivolous correspondent, and at the end to find that it refers exclusively to the weather, or to the last county ball. When the superior intellect is writing in his turn to the inferior, every latitude, as we must all of us candidly admit, is to be allowed. Perhaps in such matters there ought to be a sort of sliding scale. When the country mouse addresses the town mouse, his handwriting ought to be upright, and conscientiously Roman. No such restrictions should be looked for when the town mouse replies to the country mouse. The general admonitions of peripatetic moralists about handwriting can only be accepted on the clear understanding that they are designed exclusively for the use of their inferiors; and it is, of course, always advisable to go on poking at our inferiors, and to keep egging them on to the pursuit of the most fantastic perfection. All that ought invariably to be remembered is that they must not presume to expect their betters to practice what they preach. Legibility, in fine, is a humble, excellent, clerical, working-man's sort of virtue; it is just the thing to inculcate on the lower middle-classes and on feminine correspondents. Let us by all means believe, and tell them, that the Duke of Wellington had it, and that to it he owed all manner of success. But if an attempt is to be made to stretch all man-

kind on this sort of Procrustean bed, it is high time to enter a stubborn and pertinacious protest against any such Utopian and mischievous absurdity.

#### THE NORTH POLE.

IF any one, in these days of distress and perturbation, has any sympathy running to waste, an excellent channel has been opened for his relief. By discharging some of it upon the head of Captain Sherard Osborn, he will give to the feelings of that excellent officer some solace in a deep affliction. We fear, indeed, that under the pressure of circumstances, Captain Osborn's sufferings receive scant appreciation. He is left piping whilst we do not dance, and crying in the market-place with no man regarding him. What with Fenian explosions, and Abyssinian expeditions, and railway difficulties, and depression of trade, and the innumerable questions that press upon the ordinary mind, there is a danger that his special grievance may pass unnoticed. Indeed it is not, at first sight, a very great one. The cause of his sorrow seems to be that somebody else has been at a place from which Captain Osborn, if he had been there at the time in a properly arranged ship, might have got nearer to the North Pole than any one has yet been, if indeed he might not have actually reached the earth's axis. Whilst people are starving, or being ruined, or blown into fragments all round us, we don't feel disposed to cry because somebody might have done something if he had been somewhere else. But this way of looking at the matter does the gallant captain injustice. A sentimental grievance is a grievance, after all, and it is a pity that any one should be tortured even by imaginary evils. Let us endeavour to place ourselves in imagination in Captain Osborn's position, and perhaps we shall feel the poignancy of his sufferings. At least it will be a relief to more serious causes of trouble. Let the reader, then, fancy that it is the one great purpose of his life to get to the North Pole. We say nothing for the moment of the worthiness of the ambition. For purposes of happiness one ambition is nearly as good as another, and it interests one man as much to discover a new mode of opening a game at chess as it does another to raise the condition of the poor. To get to the North Pole is at least more appreciable by the vulgar than the humbler of these aims in life. Whilst Captain Osborn is clinging to this hope, in spite of little sympathy and some ridicule, he hears of the gallant whaler *Dumdee*. That ship has actually seen the open waters of which Dr. Kane brought home a report. A pathway unencumbered by ice stretched for an indefinite distance northwards. A noble coast, with snowy peaks and untrodden wastes of glacier, faded away towards that "untravelling world whose margin fades for ever and for ever" as discovery advances. The foot of the skipper, so to speak, was on the round of the ladder which leads to the highest story of this globe. One bold push of over 600 miles, and the great problem would have been solved. The discovery of the sources of the Nile would have been eclipsed by a still more sensational performance. Almost the only great feat still reserved for human enterprise would have been accomplished. The feat indeed would have been unique, for it must be admitted that even a voyage to the South Pole would fall very flat, and would have a savour of plagiarism, after the way had been shown to its Northern rival. And yet with the cup of glory at his lips, to use the proper metaphor, the gallant skipper put it by with that self-abnegation which is ever the highest characteristic of the true British sailor—because there were no whales. The ice barriers have closed again, and there is no saying how long it may be before another chance occurs. When some adventurer with a soul more devoted to glory seizes the prize which was perhaps within the grasp of the *Dumdee*, it may not be the Union Jack, but the Stars and Stripes, which will wave over the earth's axis. Captain Osborn, we may fancy, feels like a philosopher who hears that some ignorant sportsman has left a country because there was nothing to shoot, when gold or diamonds were scattered in profusion at his feet. The poor captain of the *Dumdee*, bound by a narrow sense of duty, resembles the man in the *Pilgrim's Progress* who kept on turning over a heap of filth with a muckrake whilst an angel was holding out a crown of glory above his head.

Indeed, the retreat from the Polar Seas, because there were no whales, might be converted into an instructive moral apologue. Is it not a fault of our race that we too often lose sight of some glorious reward to exertion in an ignominious search after mere blubber? For example, if we must find some definite moral for so pregnant a fable, we may take that school of theorists upon education to whom Mr. Lowe seems to have given the sanction of his authority. They bid us abandon the search after all knowledge which may not be turned to some direct end of practical utility. What is the good of bothering our heads about ancient Greeks and Romans, about the geography of Athens, or the history of the Punic war? The classical nations are dead and buried ages ago, and we shall not make a penny the more in business if we are familiar with all their extant literature. Perfect familiarity with the ancient names of the Seven Hills won't enable us to find our way about New York, or even to discover the best route to Abyssinia. A study of their wars will never teach us how to build ironclads or show us which is the best form of breechloaders. In short, an excursion into such regions of knowledge is a literary journey to the North Pole. We shall find no whales and bring



back no blubber. A similar application might be made to the ordinary Englishman's ideal of life. He places the higher forms of art and literature in some indefinite region to which no sensible man can ever seek to penetrate. They are remote from the districts from which men bring back good remunerative cargoes of train oil and whalebone, and any one who ventures into them may be summarily written down an ass.

There is room, indeed, for a certain cynical doubt as to the completeness of the parallel. Blubber, like practical knowledge, is a thing not to be despised in its proper place. A man who kills whales confers a certain tangible advantage on the world. But is a voyage to the North Pole really a very worthy application of energy? Even if we consent to look down with the most sovereign contempt upon all merely utilitarian views, will the discovery of the Pole worthily represent the search for a higher ideal? That it is useless from the low practical point of view may be granted; but has it any compensatory value in a higher sphere of thought? One's first impulse is to feel a certain annoyance at this proposed annexation of the last region to which restless discoverers have not yet penetrated. It was all very well to shoot down game recklessly when the supply was supposed to be unlimited; but we have long been driven to artificial preservation. We are beginning to feel a similar impulse as to the world at large; instead of recklessly bringing down every hitherto untrodden region, we long to keep a little preserve of unknown ground. Our whole sentiment on such matters has been inverted. Mapped and travelled lands are no longer a little focus of light in the midst of a dim chaos of mysterious wilderness. The wilderness is coming to be the exception, like a common disappearing before the advance of a metropolis. We value every untrodden tract that holds its own against explorers as we value a bit of gorse within a few miles of London, or as an Alpine climber values the few peaks that have not yet been ascended in Switzerland. We cannot, it is known, have our cake and eat it; and we should like to keep a few crumbs. Africa is being rapidly consumed. The turn of Central Asia must come next; and then, where are we to look for a bit of unknown country? Must our North Pole—the last, and, as we had fondly hoped, the most impenetrable refuge of the mysterious—be taken from us? Is there not something vulgar about this ambition of scrambling everywhere, and exploring every hole and corner of our miserably confined little planet, till the imagination can find no fragmentary relic of genuine solitude? It is indeed lamentable that even the North Pole, when we get there, will probably turn out to be a very uninteresting place. There seem to be no whales in that direction; at best there can be little but a certain quantity of ice and snow, very much like other snow and ice, and the barren satisfaction of being immediately under the pole star. Why cannot we leave it undisturbed, without ruthlessly rubbing off all its covering of romance?

To this Captain Osborn would probably make two answers. The first would be by referring to the interests of science, and the light which such a discovery might throw upon certain problems of physical geography and geology. To this we can only say, that we hope the argument may be taken for what it is worth; and that, although we cannot now discuss it, there is undoubtedly much to be said in favour of the enterprise from this point of view. We cannot help fancying, however, that the other argument would have really more weight with its enthusiastic proponent—namely, that enterprise is a good thing in itself, and without reference to any extraneous considerations whatever. He appears to have reached a region of thought too lofty for any inferior motives. He holds out to the ambition of Napoleon III. the prospect of annexing a territory which, if it demands less risk and exertion than some previous acquisitions of France, certainly appeals to a purer ambition, for the effort of obtaining it would be for the chief part its own reward. Now we may admit that there is something in this call to be energetic for the sake of energy. Philosophers have told us that one of the greatest levers in raising mankind has been the sense of *envie*, the restlessness produced by having nothing to do, the vague desire to employ powers which do not find a complete satisfaction in any of the ordinary labours of mankind. It is something to discover that, in this late period of history, this principle is still active; that there is so much energy running to waste that it cannot find a sufficient vent in all the innumerable tasks upon which human beings are employed. Sometimes it takes the unpleasant form in which we find crowds of men "spoiling for a fight"—anxious, that is, to be knocking out their neighbours' brains for want of something to do. It would be delightful if we could turn some of that noxious form of energy into the task of discovering the North Pole or the centre of Africa, or even in finding a passage to the moon. Meanwhile, we fear that some utilitarians will ask whether there is not enough to do nearer home, and whether, at this particular juncture, we might not catch a few gentlemen of Captain Osborn's type and set them upon a more tangible kind of service to their country. Only it must be admitted that such zeal is a very delicate material to handle, and that it sometimes evaporates strangely when it is diverted from the apparently fanciful purposes to which it spontaneously inclines, and set to the vulgar taskwork upon which we should be more inclined to expend its force.

#### RETROSPECTION.

IT is a very natural custom which leads us about this period of the year to cast a glance upon the last twelve months, and take stock rapidly of the work that has been accomplished within them. Even in such a minute fragment of the world's history we may detect the movement of the great tide of affairs which is concealed during shorter periods by the little daily oscillations. We have before us, as it were, an arc of our orbit sufficiently long to enable us to judge of a general direction which is not apparent in its smaller elements. Such a retrospect is useful in many ways. Even within a year we may discover pretty clearly the vanity of most pretensions to political prophecy. Some confident predictions will be found to have signally failed since the beginning of the past year, and the fulfilment of others seems to be adjourned for an indefinite period. Leaders of parties find themselves in positions which they could never have anticipated, and the parties have changed front and are fighting over very different issues from those by which they were previously occupied. In short, no one of the least thoughtfulness can read the newspaper summaries which are presented about this time without detecting some forcible illustrations of various well-known maxims. The precise conclusions which different people will draw will vary indefinitely. As a general rule, they will of course be striking confirmations of the set of opinions with which they started. The human mind has an admirable facility for selecting those bits of evidence which fall in with its preconceived notions. It assimilates just the set of facts for which it has a kind of chemical affinity. As a magnet picks up all the bits of iron from a confused heap of dust, a Tory or a Radical unconsciously appropriates for the establishment of his own doctrines all the events which favour his prejudices, and is perfectly insensible to the rest. The inferences which men draw from their annual retrospections are therefore, for the most part, more interesting as illustrating such preconceived prejudices than for any substantial value of their own. We see by a man's choice of topics for reflection what are his intellectual tastes. Yet there are certain conclusions which will be more or less common to most men of ordinary intelligence. For example, few reasonable people will be moved by the contemplation of the past year, or indeed of any ordinary year, to any special outburst of exultation. They will generally be led to realize the fact that the progress of mankind consists in taking ten steps in advance for nine steps backwards; that we improve, when we improve at all, by a series of blunders, and manage to stumble forwards in spite of a good many falls and frequent digressions into paths leading nowhere or leading in the wrong direction.

There are, however, some classes which have a specific of their own for meeting such melancholy reflections. Let us take, for example, the *Daily Telegraph*, which seizes so many opportunities of impressing upon our minds the fact that it has "the largest circulation in the world" that we must suppose it to be the mouthpiece of a numerous body of our fellow-citizens. It would be breaking a butterfly upon a wheel to scrutinize too closely the bursts of eloquence into which its leading articles are apt to soar. They are not, we would hope, intended to be very serious expressions of opinion; but, even as the ornamental flourishes of rhetoric in which a certain part of the public delights, they have a certain significance. The national taste in "buncombe" is as characteristic as its fancies about more solid matter. The *Telegraph* rises on the occasion of the old year to a very noble strain indeed. Failing apparently to derive much satisfaction from a bare chronicle of facts, it pours out a gush of what is called genial enthusiasm, by way of taking the taste of Fenianism, and Sheffield murders, and other unpleasant ingredients in the year's bill of fare out of our mouths. To discover consolation it rises to the exalted regions of science. War, it tells us, is being converted by science into "a game too costly and too fatal to be played long." This is rather meagre satisfaction, considering that we not only play the costly and fatal game with great spirit while it lasts, but that we have learnt the art of making peace as costly, if not as fatal, as war. Religion, again, is being converted by the same beneficent agency into a thing "never designed to make our pleasures less." We do not quite understand by what scientific process this is being brought about; but it has apparently something to do with the fact that "Faraday has left us electric science for a legacy, and for an heir Tyndall, who is tracing the sublime powers of life and creation." This is very pleasing, if a trifle vague, but a more distinct idea may possibly be excited by other fragments of eloquence. "Ideas," we are told, "which must be called immense, are emanating from the closets and libraries of the wise; no longer wild generalizations, but sure and safe conclusions with their hopes firm rooted in demonstration and experiment." And the general result of these inspiring reflections is summed up in a glowing passage:—

A law of love and beauty, beyond accidents and froward wills, beyond death and life, and far beyond the petty definitions of dogmatic ecclesiasticism, is beginning to be seen and understood and trusted. Philosophy finding progress everywhere, development everywhere, force everywhere animating new and sweeter and nobler manifestations of form and mode, confirms what the poet had foreseen, that

Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

In other words, the *Telegraph* has an indistinct belief that, though trade is bad and the Fenians are troublesome, discoveries about

the conservation of force and electricity, and the origin of species, somehow making us all indefinitely happier and better. We don't quite see any very tangible result; but by muddling ourselves with a good draught of tall talk about science we can enter the new year in a state of spiritual intoxication, and laugh at all sublunary evils.

One's first impression on reading this kind of stuff is to remark, in parody of Madame Roland's exclamation, "Oh, Science, what nonsense is talked in thy name!" In former days, the steady-going Briton drew upon his immense fund of stolid self-complacency for simpler topics of congratulation. He took courage from the aphorisms that Britons never would be slaves, that one Englishman was as good as three Frenchmen, that roast beef and plum-pudding were better than foreign kickshaws, and that Bony was a child of the devil and should be sent as quickly as possible to his father. We can afford to smile at an extinct mode of national brag, which has gone out with the generation of three-bottle men and the fiery port wine of our grandfathers. But is this new product that is offered in its place very much better? When the British bagman talks about the glories of science, and wide generalizations, has he any particular meaning, except that somehow or other he is a very wise and admirable being because he is living at the same time with Professors Huxley and Tyndall? What does he mean by his law of love and beauty, beyond accidents and froward wills, beyond life and death? There is a charmingly religious flavour about the adjective "froward," which seems to indicate that the gentleman who utters the sentiment feels very pious and devotional; but can he tell us to what particular laws he refers, and how they have been illustrated during the past year? In what special discoveries has philosophy detected force animating sweeter manifestations of form and mode; and, indeed, what do those beautiful phrases mean? That they have a very pretty sound is undeniable; but they are expressed in such highly general terms that their sense rather flies over our heads. Of course, the real answer is that the writer has no distinct ideas about science, or at any rate knows that his readers have none, but that he considers it proper to heap together all the grand words about law and order and beauty that he can cram into a sentence, and thereupon fall into a fine philosophic rapture. The small fragment of meaning which can be distilled from his eloquence is that scientific knowledge continues to increase, and that that increase is on the whole a good thing for the world.

Now in one sense this wild and whirling talk may indeed be, on the whole, a good symptom. It proves that classes who have the very vaguest impressions as to what science means have at least a respect for it. When a man says that philosophers are detecting force animating sweeter manifestations of form and mode, it is impossible to guess precisely what he is thinking about, but at least he means to say that philosophers are very clever fellows. He is giving a puff to men of science, though it may be rather a coarse and vulgar form of puff; he is acting the part of the sandwich men sent out through the most crowded streets to attract people to popular lectures at the Polytechnic. He makes the name of science known; and if he blows a penny trumpet, at any rate he blows it strenuously and catches the attention of the mob. So far, it is as well that the prestige of science should be strengthened, though we must not look too closely into the language of its admirers. But it must be admitted that science has to pay a heavy price for alliance with popular writers. They catch a few of its phrases as ornaments for their eloquence, as a savage decks himself with beads or bits of cloth, and straightway thinks himself the equal of the white man. They pat men of science on the back, but it is chiefly with a view to display their own surpassing wisdom. They discourse fluently about laws of love and beauty to show what open and cultivated minds they possess. In short, it is, as we have said, merely another manifestation of that boundless national self-complacency which used to intoxicate itself by coarser and more direct stimulants. It is the "old dog in a new doublet"; the same infinite satisfaction with itself which may use one set of words or another, but rests at bottom on the same power of stolid self-content. Instead of bragging about the roast beef of Old England, it takes refuge in grand language about immense ideas emanating from the closets of the wise. To any remarks upon the profound social and political evils of the day, it replies by flourishing in our faces a vague mass of quasi-philosophical verbiage, and calls us cynical if we ask for an explanation. This new variety of optimism professes to be more cosmopolitan and more elevated than the old, and thereby becomes so vague as entirely to elude our grasp. We can only see that by gazing on some intellectual vision the writer has worked himself into a tremendous fit of enthusiasm, and despises us if we don't unhesitatingly share it. Yet, on the whole, the new year might perhaps be entered in a more satisfactory frame of mind if, instead of exploding into a grand display of rhetorical fireworks about abstract ideas, we could look quietly at the facts, or if we could make out our balance of loss and gain without adding this huge item of imaginary assets.

#### METROPOLITAN DEANS.

THE Synod or Conference or Council, or whatever it was, that met lately at Lambeth has brought to light some curious questions of ecclesiastical law, practice, and nomenclature. Many people have probably seen the letters which passed between the

Dean of Westminster and the Bishop of Vermont. Amongst other people, the *Times* has seen them, and is scandalized at the presumption of an American Bishop in lecturing "our two Metropolitan Deans." An unsophisticated student of ecclesiastical history, in whose hearing this was read out, was so simple as to take words in their obvious meanings, and to ask, in the innocence of his heart, what Dean Alford and Dean Duncombe had been doing to get themselves thus lectured. But it is only fair to add that this strange way of speaking is not confined to one side only. A little time before, an enthusiastic admirer of the Conference drew an indignant picture of the venerable band of prelates "knocking in vain at the doors of the two Metropolitan Cathedrals." To unassisted human reason, unpractised in the flourishes of the high polite style, this conveyed the idea of journeys on the part of the Bishops to Canterbury and York which had not been mentioned in any record of their doings. Now what do people mean by this sort of talk? It turns out that the buildings described as metropolitan cathedrals mean the cathedral church of Saint Paul in London and the collegiate church of Saint Peter at Westminster. The persons described as Metropolitan Deans prove to be, not the Deans of the two metropolitan churches of England, but the Deans of the two churches whose description, to avoid all difficulties, we have just given at length. It is due both to Dr. Milman and Dr. Stanley to say that they have not spoken of themselves by this strange description. But honour is thrust upon them alike by their friends and by their enemies. Do people really not know the meaning of words? Does the *Times* believe that there is an Archbishop of London? We are not aware that even so much as a murmuring of that exploded heresy has been heard since the twelfth century. A Bishop of London then claimed to be Archbishop, mainly on the ground that London had once been the see of an Arch-bishop of Jupiter. Are we going to fall back upon this state of things? Is a third sword to be girded on? Is a third luminary to appear in the ecclesiastical heaven? Possibly the metropolitan cathedral may be designed to contain the throne of a prelate who may be Archbishop of London and Arch-bishop of Jupiter into the bargain. In such a case the Arch-bishop himself and his Metropolitan Dean will clearly appear in the character of satellites of the supreme power, and our old difficulty about eccentricities and perturbations will come back again in a new shape but with redoubled vigour.

Here then is a possible solution of the Eastern question, as far as Metropolitan Deans are concerned; but fresh difficulties occur as we go westward. We had always fancied that Saint Peter's was a royal free chapel, a collegiate church under royal visitation; it now seems that it is a cathedral church, and even a metropolitan church, presided over by a Metropolitan Dean. In the name of our common Protestantism we raise our voice against thus playing into the hands of the Bishop of Rome, thus winking at the most detestable of all his detestable enormities. How our hearts were moved in times past, when there came a letter from the Flaminian Gate, which, for the first time in the history of the world, spoke of that novel and fearful being, an Archbishop of Westminster. What thunders came in those days from the Olympus of Blackfriars. Were we not told that the power which thus took on itself to appoint an Archbishop of Westminster might equally take on itself to appoint a Duke of Smithfield? His Grace of Smithfield has not, as far as we know, yet appeared, but the character and mission of His Grace of Westminster seem now to be accepted, or rather to be taken for granted as being among those things which cannot be spoken against. A "Metropolitan Dean" of Westminster implies that Westminster is a metropolitan church; a metropolitan church implies an Archbishop as, if not its Ordinary, at least its Visitor. Now there is one person, and only one person, who actually claims to be Archbishop of Westminster, and whose claims are thus tacitly admitted. In short, the Protestant Religion and the Royal Supremacy are condemned at a single blow. The collegiate church of Saint Peter's, the crowning-place and burial-place of our Kings, is by the fiat of the highest of all authorities taken away from the visitation of the sovereign, whom we have always been taught to look on as Defender of the Faith and Supreme Governor of the Church within these her dominions, and conferred on the Most Reverend Henry Edward Manning, a person about whose position as derived from a foreign Prince, Prelate, or Potentate, sound Protestants and loyal subjects have hitherto been in the habit of using very strong language on very solemn occasions.

So much for the nonsense of people who use fine words without understanding them, and who therefore most fittingly find themselves landed in the very last conclusions which they would really wish to maintain. The letter of the Bishop of Vermont is entitled to another sort of treatment. We abstain from commenting on anything in the correspondence which is in any way personal between him and Dean Stanley. Some of Bishop Hopkins' expressions are certainly misplaced. He should not talk of Dean Stanley offering an "affront" to any Bishop or any other person, English or American. Dean Stanley acted in a way in which the law justified him in acting, and there was nothing uncourteous in the way in which he did so. His conduct might be wise or foolish, as people may choose to think it, but it was not "affronting" to any one. The fact is that Bishop Hopkins, like many other people, does not take in the peculiar position of the cathedral, and still more, the collegiate, churches of England. Naturally an old Church and an old Kingdom—and an old Republic too, for the matter of that—is sure to have its own anomalies, which



are very likely to be perplexing to those whose ideas, ecclesiastical or civil, are drawn from a state of things where every arrangement has been mapped out systematically in recent times. Yet, after all, the institution of a "peculiar," ecclesiastical or civil, is not without its parallels, even in the States. What about the District of Columbia, whose inhabitants are so long shut out—and indeed are shut out still—from the full rights of American citizens? It sounds odd to an American Bishop that the Bishop of London has no authority over the collegiate church of Westminster. It would perhaps have sounded odd to him if he had heard the fact that the Sheriffs of Middlesex are neither appointed by the Crown nor chosen by the Middle-Saxons themselves, but thrust on a subject district by the citizens of the ruling commonwealth of London. Odd as these things are, they are not more odd than that part of the American Republic should have been so long unrepresented in Congress, subject to a Legislature and an Executive in choosing which it had no sort of share. The Bishop seems hardly to believe that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London had not, together or singly, any means of compelling the immediate authorities of either Saint Paul's or Saint Peter's to lend their churches for the use of the Conference. If such really is the law, the law, he thinks, should be altered. Now the case of the cathedral and the collegiate church are quite different. Over Saint Peter's the Bishop of London has undoubtedly no more jurisdiction than the Bishop of Vermont. The fault, if it be a fault, is eight hundred years old; and, in the peculiar position of Westminster Abbey, it is not likely to be redressed now. But in Saint Paul's the Bishop of London undoubtedly has some jurisdiction; the only question is how much. The exact measure of his authority is a question of the charters and statutes of the particular church. It does not follow that the relation of each Bishop to his cathedral church is exactly the same. In this very church of London, for instance, the Crown appoints the Residentiary Canons; in every other Old Foundation they are either appointed by the Bishop or chosen from among Prebendaries of his appointment. On the other hand the Bishop appoints certain preachers in the Cathedral, a matter with which other Old-Foundation Bishops have nothing to do. In the days of the old Saint Paul's, the Bishop repaired the nave of the church, which would seem to imply some special authority over it. But in every case the Bishop is Visitor to reform all abuses which may be brought before his visitatorial notice; in no case is he the immediate manager of the Cathedral, to order, of his own authority, this or that to be done in those in which the ministers of every church have a discretionary power. The Bishop of Vermont seems to think it wrong that the Bishop of London could not order the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to grant the use of the cathedral for some purpose connected with the Conference. Neither could he have ordered the Rector or Vicar of any parish church to do the same. If the Bishop of Vermont can do the like of his personal authority, we shall be much surprised to hear it.

We speak mainly of Saint Paul's, though Saint Paul's is only incidentally mentioned in the correspondence, because over Saint Paul's the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London undoubtedly have a jurisdiction, only not a jurisdiction which would have authorized them to issue such commands to the Dean and Chapter as the Bishop of Vermont seems to have wished. But as to Westminster, his remarks are wide of the point. He speaks of the Bishop of London as the Dean of Westminster's Bishop, to whom he owes canonical obedience. We can only say that the Bishop of London is not the Dean of Westminster's Bishop and that the Dean does not owe him canonical obedience. The Bishop of Vermont confounds the case of Westminster with the case of a cathedral church. It is certainly desirable that the relation of Bishops to their cathedral churches should be better defined and more intimate than it now commonly is. But that has nothing to do with the case of Westminster, which is not a cathedral church, which is not even in the diocese of any Bishop. It is in the position of Saint George's at Windsor or of the college chapels at Oxford or Cambridge, exempt from the jurisdiction of the diocesan Bishop and placed under some special visitation, either of the Crown, or some other Bishop, according as the founder may have decreed. The Bishop of Vermont may perhaps dislike the notion of a church being under Royal visitation; if so one of the Prophets supplies him with an apt text; "Prophecy not any more in Bethel; for it is the King's Chapel." Westminster is the King's Chapel, and it rests with the Dean and Chapter of that royal chapel to determine who shall, and who shall not, prophesy within its walls. In acting on the strength of privileges as old as the eleventh century, Dean Stanley offered no affront to any one, and broke no canonical obedience. Within the precincts of that royal minster, the Bishop of London is as much a stranger as the Bishop of Vermont. Any view as to the reformation of the constitution of diocesan churches does not touch one which is in every sense extra-diocesan.

Dean Stanley then acted as the law justified him in acting, whether his reasoning is wise or foolish. To one word of it we must call attention. He says that the Abbey "belongs to the whole Church and people of England." Of course he does not mean in that legal sense in which it is the freehold of the Dean and Chapter. He must mean in a sort of moral or sentimental sense, but still a very practical sense, and one which we fully admit. If so, let him act on the principles which he puts forth. Let the Abbey be, as it was in 1862, again open to the whole Church and people of England and of the world in general. Let Vergerdum, with its gabble, its insolence, its rapacity, be put an end to for ever

as it was in that one fortunate year. Perhaps Dr. Stanley does not know how little esteemed his own name is among his own servants. Let him arise in the strength of the true and generous principle which he has now set forth. The whole Church and people of England, to whom he says that the Abbey belongs, will rejoice if he can win back their heritage for them, and can scatter to the winds the baleful influence which is said to lurk, not in the ancient dwelling-place of the Abbot, but on the site of the Refectory of the Confessor.

#### BACHELORS BY PROFESSION.

MONKS and dervishes and fakirs are far from having a monopoly of professional celibacy. Every day we come across men in society whom we instinctively recognise as absolutely beyond the pale of matrimony. It is true they have taken no vows upon them, and it is just as well, for they are not at all the men to be religiously bound by vows under extraordinary temptations. But they carry a sort of Cain-mark set upon their brows—conspicuous enough to female eyes at least—so that no woman shall marry them. Not that they are unconscious of the advantages of money, or insensible to the attractions of beauty. Without something of the former, their occupation would be gone and their lives a blank; and as for the second, they often profess themselves its most devoted admirers. They are by no means indifferent to their own personal appearance. Nomadic in their habits as Arabs, although their *forte* lies rather in receiving than in offering hospitality, their wardrobes are necessarily compact and portable, but they contain no garment that is not unexceptionable in cut and fit. Their slightly-worn gloves alone, masterpieces of Dumont or Jouvin *filis*, are a little torture to those who claim them as their perquisite. They are generally pretty comfortable in their circumstances; you seldom hear of disagreeable *esclandres* with their tradespeople, or of suspicious paper bearing their names floating in doubtful quarters. They have lived through a race of folly in which weaker and more unlucky men have come to grief long ago, and their eye to the main chance is very much keener than when they started in life many years before. They were richer then, but since that they have sown and reaped many a crop of wild oats; they have bought their farming experience dear, but now that it is purchased and paid for at least they are wise enough to profit by it. Like Ulysses, they have loitered about among men and lounged through many cities. Living much abroad, they are as much at home in the Embassies as in the hotels of the various European capitals—in those of the Embassies at least which receive strangers within their gates; and they talk of our Ministers with republican familiarity. They are really hand in glove with all the secretaries of legation and unpaid attachés from the Hague to Constantinople, and at one time or another have formed a travelling acquaintance with three-fourths of Her Majesty's Messengers. Of course their peregrinations have enlarged indefinitely and miscellaneous the circle of their friends among the upper ten thousand, and they are as familiar with the names of those of them whom they do not know personally as the editor of the Blue Book or Sir Bernard Burke. There are but few houses in England where they cannot make themselves at once the valued friend of the family, by pressing common acquaintances into doing duty in presenting them. They must have had fair brains to start with, a taste for society and a turn for conversation, otherwise they would have taken to a different line or broken down in their present one, and they have had ample opportunity of cultivating those natural gifts. The school they have been trained in turns out exceedingly pleasant *causéurs* and *raconteurs*. Their flow of small talk is copious and genial, and they keep in the background a reserve of personal and slightly scandalous anecdote, to give it occasionally an appetizing piquancy.

With all these social attractions they are admitted trustingly into the penetralia of female society. With much more of the serpent than the dove in their composition, they are permitted to glide among the fairest flowers of Paradise, for they are supposed to have lost their fatal fangs. The most austere and hard-eyed chaperon smooths her front and disarms her vigilance as she sees them exchanging affectedly passionate glances with her pretty charges, or breathing soft nothings among the very roses in their hair. It is a lesson with the foils, and nothing more—useful practice for more serious work. The gentleman admires the graceful outlines, the faultless features, of some Edith *cou de cygne*, but it is as an object of art, as if he were before the Venus de' Medici in the tribune at Florence; nor does she quicken his pulse by a single beat. On her side the lady never dreams of him as a possible husband, and would as soon think of being led to the altar by the Patriarch of the Greek Church. Charms and compliments glance alike from each, as arrows from the plates of an iron-clad, and they separate the best friends in the world, but nothing more. Indeed, it could hardly be given to mortal beauty, unaided by enchantments and love potions, to effect such a conquest. The professional bachelor is the embodiment of wariness so highly cultivated as to amount to folly. Probably early in life he has left in some trap a portion of his tail, and since then it has been the great aim of his existence to cultivate a character for stoicism, which has been his "open sesame" to the circles in which he moves. Did he make a spring and miss it, there would be nothing left him but to slink out of society. He

is become so suspicious that it is utterly in vain to spread a snare for him; did he fancy any symptoms of a design to draw him into an arrangement, he would be satisfied that, all appearances to the contrary, it must be a bad bargain for him. He would see social birdlime on every twig, and repel the advances of an heiress ready to marry him without a settlement, as the crowd declined to buy the sovereigns of the gentleman who was selling them for shillings for a wager. Should he by any miracle be so far left to himself as to make love in earnest, he would never succeed in convincing the lady that she was not the victim of a practical joke in the worst possible taste. She would never receive the declaration seriously, protests and vows would only make her laugh or cry, and despair and suicide would be attributed to a coincidence rather than a broken heart. Gentlemen of this sort are quite conscious of the tacit understanding that places them on so brotherly a footing with the fair sex. When they affect to act the love-sick Romeo to the simulated languishing of a Juliet, they are quite aware that it is only a bit of byplay which must not interrupt the main action of the piece. When the gentleman who may turn out to be the hero approaches the heroine, they have the tact to get out of the way, and leave him the field, in case he should care to throw the handkerchief. If they lose the pleasures of love-making, at least they are spared the pangs of jealousy. If appetite is impaired, it is the liver and not the heart; late hours, and not blighted affections. Their lives flow along easily enough; and, as a rule, a mind at peace with themselves and all the world leaves them a wonderfully good digestion. If making their own happiness the chief end of their lives has narrowed the circle of their sympathies, at least it has proportionately diminished those disturbing influences which, as Bossuet told gentlemen of their stamp at the Court of the Grand Monarque, it is impossible to shut out altogether. When all your family circle is comprised within your coat, and your whole worldly moveables in your portmanteaux and gun-cases, the postman's knock has few terrors for you. Without family troubles of your own, you can get up a plausible amount of sympathy with those of other people; and a man whose small talk flows as pleasantly before breakfast as after dinner is sure to be generally a welcome guest. Professional bachelors can always give you the *carte du pays* wherever they may happen to be. At dinners in country-houses they are invaluable men to follow. They have learned the bent of the cook's genius, and know whether his or her special talent lies in a *suprême* or a *soufflé*. Even if marched off to the dining-room in charge of some lady who, having made a heavy meal at luncheon, and seen no male society since breakfast, is more inclined to use her tongue than her knife and fork, yet their resources are equal to the occasion. They manage to reconcile civility to their neighbour with their duty to themselves, and, stirring up some general conversation, disappear with soup, fish, or *entrée* under cover of the diversion, to come to the surface again, invigorated and agreeable, between the dishes. Or at the worst they can always avoid the more pressing evil by opposing a stolid indifference to the voice of the charmer, though tactics like this are too hazardous to be often risked by men who hold their social position only during pleasant behaviour. It is after dinner that their guidance becomes invaluable to their neighbours. They know the contents of the cellar as well as the host himself, and are probably infinitely better judges of his wine. They have sipped every rare and strange vintage from Schloss Johannisberg to Tokay Ausbrücher, have drunk Romanée-Conti in its native Burgundy, and have known the various growths of Bordeaux much too long and too intimately to be puzzled about them. Dinners are all very well, for a man must eat them somewhere, but by retributive justice they lead on to those fatal suppers which sap the constitution as surely as the deadly banquets of the Borgias. But a man not born in the purple, and who has no especial claims on society, must take the good with the bad, and pay in one shape or other for his admission. He must show his gratitude for dinners eaten, or—which is more important—must pave the way to future invitations by attentions lavished at midnight supper-tables on former hostesses. He is tempted into excesses with plover eggs and medicated champagne. He eats and drinks in trembling, for the demon of dyspepsia sits frowning on the crust of the *paté*, and the spirit of gout dances in the froth and sparkle of the fluid in which he drowns the upbraidings of his conscience.

The profession has its drawbacks even at its best, but the great objection is that a man retrogrades instead of advancing in it. All along he has held his own in a manner upon sufferance, and been admitted to circles higher than his natural one on the strength of gifts much the same as those of a Parisian *Quatorzième*. Thousands of men who have shone as very much lesser lights were just as well dressed, as pleasant, as good-humoured as himself, and much more clever. Unluckily, even such qualities as he has deteriorate with time, and a course of late hours, good dinners, and heavy suppers is an admirable training for the blue devils. He has no mental resources lying below what used to sparkle on the surface, and fits of depression become longer and more frequent. Should he be found out in these more than once, should his friends, by comparing notes, convert suspicions into certainties and pronounce him a bore and a fog, then it is all over with him. It is painful to see him on the wane, making frantic efforts to preserve his footing in the skirts of that atmosphere of society which has become to him as the breath of his nostrils. Once let his convulsive struggle be observed, and he is deserted as

plagued; it becomes only a question of time as to when he falls back into the abyss, and lands lonely and forgotten on the cushions of a club sofa. He has been used all his life to be petted by women, and, banished to the common herd of bachelors, he is like a nervous child turned out in the dark. The club table, the cut from the joint and the pint of sherry—happily the carafe of toast and water—is a dreary change from the board bright with flowers and plate and wax lights, flashing eyes and blooming complexions, and set in seas of diaphanous muslin. The best hope left him is to have profited by the warning of the French diplomatist, and made himself a master of whist in the days of his golden prime. Otherwise, idle and isolated, always making advances and always being rebuffed, he is condemned to wander round the doors of the paradise from which he has been driven. Worse still, in a fit of deep depression he may fall a victim to some harpy on the hover, who, desperate with hunger and disappointment, and hopeless of a better prey, swoops down on him like a starving eagle on a decrepit old wether. It is a melancholy fate to pass one's best days in a profession that can lead to nothing, but it is worse still to try a new start in life when hope is over for you.

#### GOOD WISHES.

THE ideas suggested by the periodical recurrence of Christmas and New Year's Day are so manifold and so various that it would take some time merely to enumerate them. There is always indeed a minority of strong-headed—perhaps we should rather say wrong-headed—persons ready to ask with the cynic in Mr. Dickens's tale, "What is the twenty-fifth of December to me?" But most of us feel, however we may be disposed to account for the feeling, that somehow the twenty-fifth of December is not altogether as other days. To the Christian worshipper it represents of course the feast of the Nativity, and endless are the theological questions and controversies recalled by the very name. The unsophisticated taste of childhood welcomes a feast of a more material kind, and discerns, or used to discern—for we cannot venture to pronounce what the march of intellect may have done to dispel such pleasant illusions from the mind of the rising generation—a peculiar and superlative flavour in the Christmas turkey and mince-pies. To the schoolboy the season is redolent of holiday amusements, while a less grateful incident of its observance connects it, for the general public, with the delivery of Christmas bills. And if we pass from Christmas to New Year's Day, there are again the solemn associations of a Church festival and of the entering on a new stage in the journey of life. But there are also historical recollections recalled by the first of January occurring when and as it does now occur. Till comparatively recent times the year used to begin on the twenty-fifth of March, and later still it began, according to the old style, on what is now the twelfth of January, as it still begins in the changeless Calendar of "Holy Russia." And then in the happy days of regenerated France, when the world took a new start altogether with the year one, it began, we cannot say exactly when, but certainly not in January, because there was no January to begin from. And a religious community of high pretensions has lately appeared among us which begins its year on we forget whether "the first of Moses" or "the first of Mahomet." So there is at least this consolation in the old-fashioned observance of New Year's Day, that we thereby proclaim ourselves to be neither Russians nor Revolutionists nor Comtists. These are but a few of the more obvious suggestions of the traditional "merry Christmas and happy new year." But there is one speciality of the season more characteristic even—perhaps more universal—than the consumption of the inevitable plum-pudding, and that is the bestowal of good wishes by everybody on everybody else during the charmed week which intervenes between Christmas and New Year's Day.

There are many different ways of conveying good wishes, substantial and unsubstantial. We are not going to speak here of such concrete embodiments of benevolent aspirations as are dropped from the branches of a Christmas-tree, or shot by the hands of kind fairies down the chimney, or discovered mysteriously encased in the folds of an old stocking. Nobody will dispute the value of a wish when it is father, not to a thought, but to a silver spoon. But there are various methods of expressing one's friendly sentiments apart from these material guarantees of their sincerity. In Belgium, for instance, it is the custom for every one to make the round of his acquaintances either on New Year's Day or some day soon after, and personally assure them, if at home, of his distinguished consideration. This unintermittent succession of morning calls, which in fact extend from morn to dewy eve, must become, one would think, a little wearisome to both host and visitor. At New York a similar usage prevails, but the matter is compromised by leaving cards or photographs, so that a man's popularity may be measured there by the number of his New Year's cards, as an Eton boy's popularity is tested by the number of his leaving books. The exuberance of Russian sympathy on these festive occasions can find no adequate vent but in a warm embrace; and we have heard of a sturdy Englishman, who happened to be employed as an engineer in the construction of a railroad to St. Petersburg, being rather overpowered by the explosive endearments of the native navvies on Easter Day, which is the great popular festival in Russia. We manage these things with more sobriety in England, as becomes the



character of a reasonable and practical people. The use of the prescribed formula, enforced at most by a modified application of "the pump-handle movement," is held to satisfy all the requirements of the case. And perhaps our greetings are not the less really genuine from their wanting the elaborate finish or the demonstrative effusion of our more gushing neighbours in foreign parts. But for both alike the general question suggests itself, what is the origin and what is the meaning of the custom? If, indeed, we could accept the theory of a recent article in the *Times*, that we date our years from mid-winter because then all public affairs are at their lowest ebb, that would help us to one explanation of the matter. A more than ordinary effervescence of social sympathy might be considered requisite as a kind of compensation in the dearth of all public interests. But as there is about as much reason in saying we date our years from the first of January because then public affairs are at a standstill, as there would be in saying we date our weeks from Sunday because then our shops and public offices are closed, the *Times*' writer's ingenious rationale of the Calendar does not give us much help. The fact that New Year's Day always does occur in the middle of winter points indeed to a more obvious explanation. For when the air is charged with frost, and snow lying thick upon the ground, there seems a special call for warmth in our hearts and homes. Yet mere good wishes avail as little to thaw our frozen limbs as it avails a starving beggar to say, "Depart, be thou warmed and filled." Society may be roughly divided into the prosperous and the unfortunate classes. We do not mean simply the rich and poor, but those whose life has on the whole been a success, and those whose life has been a failure. Now the beginning of a new year, whether of one's own life or of the life of the world, cannot but have a peculiar significance for both classes of persons. It is something like the sensation of passing a milestone, which is pleasant or the reverse according to the satisfaction one is able to take in what has already been accomplished in the earlier stages of the journey. Children enjoy birthdays, for they have no regrets in the past, and the "long long thoughts" of boyhood paint a rose-coloured future radiant with unchequered hopes. And to prosperous men in later life birthdays are an agreeable souvenir of past successes, and an augury of equal or greater results to be realized in years to come. To them birthday greetings, or New Year's greetings for that matter, come natural enough, though they have such an inexhaustible fund of satisfaction in themselves that they hardly need them. But to those whose memory is darkened whether by the faults or misfortunes of their previous career, and who have little to look to in the future, it is not altogether pleasant to be reminded that another year is taken from the sum of life, and that they are nearer the end without being nearer the attainment of any definite aim. In their ear the conventional congratulations sound almost like an insult, and do but force them to remember what they would prefer, if possible, not to think about at all. *Quisque suos patimur manes*, and to a man whose life is saddened or perplexed the good wishes of a merry Christmas, or of "many happy returns" of what to him is a barren anniversary, serve only to recall the ghosts of shattered hopes and departed joys. His wishes, so far as he ventures to have any, might be rudely summed up in the old nursery rhyme:—

"I wish," said Dick, "but wishing's vain,  
I had my pudding back again."

But having long left the nursery, he is painfully conscious that the cake which has once been eaten cannot be eaten again. So that it really seems almost to come to this—that the good wishes of the season are only welcome to those who would scarcely miss them if withheld. To them that have, something is given which they accept, but do not need; from them that have not, something is taken away by depriving them of the poor consolation of trying to forget the poverty of their lives. Mr. Crawley, if we remember rightly, had his feelings outraged when Lady Lufton insisted on providing him with the incongruity of a Christmas dinner.

We are quite aware that all this will sound like a very cynical comment on the turkeys and mistletoe and other delights of the present festive season, and perhaps we shall be told that after all we have come round to the very view propounded by Mr. Dickens's unamiable hero about the twenty-fifth of December. We are not speaking, however, of the creature comforts of the season, be they plum-puddings or soup-kitchens, against which there is not a word to be said so long as a due regard is maintained for the limited range of the digestive functions. Neither, of course, are we discussing the religious aspect of the celebration, which is quite beyond our present scope. Our sole concern is with the good wishes which, among ourselves as in other countries of Europe, are an inseparable accident of its observance. And there does seem to be ground for suspecting that in a very large proportion of instances such greetings are either a mockery or a superfluity. But it does not follow from this that the custom is a bad one in itself, or that it would be better to drop it. Words, it is true, break no bones, and, as the queen of the crocodiles justly reflected, mend none of the eggs that are broken. Yet kind words have their uses when they are kindly meant, and even the Christmas congratulations of a casual acquaintance need not be insincere. We are so dependent in a thousand ways on one another, and there is so much to make every one think only of himself, that it is something to be obliged once a year to put on at least the appearance of geniality. Bishop Sparrow tells us that the

old salutation in the Church service, "the Lord be with you," with the response of the congregation, was designed to keep up a friendly feeling between priest and people. Our periodical exchange of mutual good wishes must have had an analogous origin. How far it fulfils its purpose depends very much on the cordiality of those who observe the form; and for this reason, if for no other, we much prefer the old-fashioned greeting of "A merry Christmas and happy new year" to the frigid inanity of the "compliments of the season," which affects one like a cold shower-bath on a winter's day. The ancients were so afraid of ill-omened words that with them to speak propitiously meant to hold your tongue. There are many cases, no doubt, where a silent pressure of the hand is the most acceptable expression of goodwill. But they are exceptions. People differ so widely in their capabilities for giving and appreciating sympathy that it is impossible to lay down any general rule on the subject. But it would be the excess of misanthropy to condemn a custom based on the instinctive feeling that, with all its diversities and antipathies, the whole world is kin, because the utterance of the customary congratulations may sometimes be hollow or inopportune. We do not taboo plum-pudding because it disagrees with rickety digestions and is sometimes badly cooked.

#### INDEPENDENT IRELAND.

THERE is a large—perhaps it is the largest—number of Englishmen who either do not know or do not care what the Fenians propose doing. They know that certain Irishmen have conspired for objects more or less treasonable; but then they also know that there never was a time when Irishmen were not conspiring, and when they were not put down. Another class of Englishmen, much less numerous, but far more thoughtful, is less occupied with the avowed objects than with the supposed wrongs of the conspirators. This class is composed of the men who have a budget of Irish remedies at the disposal of Parliament. These vary, from reform of the land-laws, abolition of the Established Church, and the endowment of Romanism, to provincial councils, a resident Prince of the Blood, and an Irish Parliament. But the usual fate of *doctrinaires* attends men whose suggestions imply no personal responsibility. Their advice is read, applauded, pronounced excellent, and dismissed as impracticable. There is another class, as small as that we have last named, but which has at least comprehended the Fenian project, and knows that it is limited by nothing short of a complete dismemberment of the British Empire. And of this not large section a small subsection asks why the wishes of the separatists should not be complied with, and why Englishmen should not make the same concessions to disaffected Irishmen which many of them thought that the Northern States should have made to the Southern States of America.

There are not many persons who have thought this question out, or who have deemed it worth any consideration at all. Yet, from two points of view, it is worth considering, even in a superficial and cursory way. The two points are, our own interests and the interests of the Irish people. Volumes might be written on this as on every other Irish subject, and more on this than on most others, for this opens out a larger field for the imagination than others. But it is worth while to weigh the probable consequences of an event which many Irishmen have already realized in their own minds, and which not one Englishman in a hundred thinks capable of realization. Let us then suppose that, either by a sudden and overwhelming surprise, or by an equally sudden and overwhelming intervention of some foreign Power, or by a frightful misadventure on our part—by the utter failure or ruin of the Channel fleet, for instance—Ireland were wrenched away from England; were no longer part of the United Kingdom; were as separate and independent as Greece or Holland. What would be the result to us and to Ireland? Those people who have had but one solution of the Irish difficulty—namely, to sink Ireland at the bottom of the ocean—would perhaps derive an immediate satisfaction from the catastrophe. Henceforth, there would be no military force required and supported by us for Ireland, there would be no Irish police, there would be no Irish questions to come before the House, there would be no Irish grievances, no more remedies for them, no speeches, and no votes about them. There would be no more Irish grants; no Irish jobs; no Irish patronage, or provision for Irishmen in India and the colonies. In short, there would be an end of Ireland as a subject of domestic policy. But what would her own condition be, and the condition of her people? Suppose the Channel fleet vanquished, if not annihilated—the whole British force captive or disloyal—Ulster dismayed or collusive, and the Irish Republic solemnly proclaimed on the Blarney Stone, or the Curragh of Kildare, or in the Phoenix Park, Dublin. What would be the next step? Necessity and precedent would agree in demanding a Convention to settle the future government of the island. A very memorable precedent, familiar to Englishmen, suggests as the probable constituents of such an assembly all the Irish peers, the Irish members of the late British Parliament, and a few notables elected by the municipal bodies of some leading towns. But let us not for a moment delude ourselves into the idea that any such Old World constitutionalism as ours would be accepted as a model for imitation by the filibustering Reformers who would have to lay the foundations of the Irish Republic. The first thing that

those graduates in American democracy would set about would be the extinction of all Irish peers whatsoever. The next thing would be the degradation of all men of notability and hereditary position. A twofold axiom to which only Irish ingenuity has been able to give consistency, would furnish the impulse to this movement. "That one man is as good as another" is a sufficient reason why no tyrannizing aristocrat should walk before Terence or Thady. That the same man "is a great deal better too" is an equally sufficient reason why Thady and Terence should instal themselves in the aristocratic seats. So there would be no territorial notables of our epoch in this convention. The assembly would meet under the auspices of those "gems of boys" who were shipped off in the forecastles of emigrant ships some dozen years ago, and who, having studied the theory of civil government in the municipal polling-booths of New York, had further improved that knowledge in the civil war of their adopted country. Qualified by their military experience for command, they would take the lead in the councils of the regenerated land of their birth. Some unexpected difficulty in legislation might, after a time, present itself to these extemporized colonels and generals. This difficulty might suggest the necessity of calling in the aid of professional learning. But of this we may rest assured—the American-Irish regenerators of Ireland would never call in the assistance of the Irish Bar. The Irish Bar may or may not be enthusiastically loyal; it is said to be sulky and querulous, because disappointed; but it is still, in the main, a society of gentlemen, and its members would repel, as infectious, the contact of the rowdy bravadoes vomited from the saloons, alums, and beer-shops of American cities. These gentry would then have to do their own work by themselves. The first thing to be remodelled would be the landed proprietary; and the process of remodelling would be simple enough. All those who had inherited or purchased large estates would have to surrender them, or to hold them on terms prescribed by their new masters. In the one case they would be succeeded by the descendants of the old Irish chieftains and princes, who, as every one knows, have been for two generations demeaning themselves as waiters in all the hotels of the United States. In the other case, they would remain the nominal lessors to tenants who had leases renewable for ever with the option of paying or refusing fines and rents. After this little work was settled, these Brummagem Girondists would turn their attention to the Church. The first step, being one of destruction, would present no difficulties to men who equally hate Protestantism and Establishments. But this part done, then would come the question of reconstruction or redistribution. That which has perplexed us would puzzle them. What would they do with the tithes and glebes of the Protestant Church? The Romish clergy would stand by in impressive expectancy. But it is one thing to take away, and another to give away. True, they hate the Protestant Church; but that does not make them love the Catholic Church a bit better. Moreover, any lurking favour which they may have once cherished towards ecclesiastical establishments would have been completely eradicated by their temporary citizenship in America. Nor could the representatives of Western Republicanism, who had learned to how many excellent purposes money may be applied, be supposed likely to lavish it on so doubtful an investment as the support of a priesthood to whose doctrines they were indifferent, and of whose undivided allegiance they had slight hopes. A residence in America does not confirm the Irishman's religious belief, still less does it teach him to tolerate an Ultramontane hierarchy. Here would ensue the first quarrel between the native peasantry and their travelled liberators, and a very pretty quarrel it would be indeed.

When the filibustering Directorate had decided on the disposal of the spoils of the Church, they would have to decide on the internal government of Ireland. The first thing that would strike them would be the singular inconvenience of having no Imperial funds to draw upon. They would have to pay their own Government, their own judicature, magistracy, and police out of the revenues of Ireland. Now, as it is one of the staple complaints of our unhappy sister and her clerical patriots that she is unduly taxed at present, we cannot suppose that her patriotic Directory would increase her taxation. Therefore, there could be no greater supplies at the command of her new than of her former masters. But as she could hardly trust to the neutrality of surrounding nations, she would have to provide for those means of external defence which are now defrayed by England. An army and navy, in addition to a magistracy, a police, and, most probably, a paid Legislature, would be a heavy drag on an annual income of six millions sterling. The obvious expedient would at once present itself of annihilating or starving down such holders of office as by their conspicuous powers, distinguished knowledge and talents, or splendid emoluments, offended the republican notions of equality. A profession which required the exclusive possession of certain education and abilities would first fall under the lash of democratic censure. The men who administer the law in the city of New York are not famed for their knowledge or integrity; neither are these qualities more required in the city of renovated Dublin. A little 'cuteness, a leaning to the popular side, and a hatred of all aristocrats are, after all, the signal qualifications for the functions of advocate and judge. And it is absurd to tax the national treasury for the salaries of men who, if they are tolerably wide awake, may render themselves independent of stipend by the acceptance of perquisites. As for having gentlemen at the Bar or on the Bench, that is one of those superstitions which derived their strength from the bloody domination

of England; and the sooner it is put an end to the better. Having got rid of a remunerated judiciary and an educated Bar, the Irish Jacobins would manipulate the constabulary according to their own whims. In a country where every "boy" knows, or should know, how to wield a shillelagh, the notion of paying a body of men to protect other men is simply contemptible. If a man can't defend himself, he ought to be knocked down or plundered. So the constabulary would be withdrawn from the country districts. But still it would have functions, and important functions too, to discharge. The Directorate, or Provisional Government, or whatever else the filibustering emancipators chose to style themselves, would, like true-born Irishmen, retain that mutual jealousy and suspicion which no quantity of salt-water has ever been able to wash out of them. If any two of them agreed together for a year, their concord would only be cemented by their common fear or detestation of their colleagues. Consequently, the constabulary, or such proportion of the force as consented to remain in their employment, would be partly engaged as a body-guard and partly as spies.

As money is the sinews of every Government, and as money cannot be raised without trade or commerce, the Committee would soon have its attention called to the economical condition of Ireland. It would then find, doubtless to its surprise, that commerce will not spring up even at the beck of a revolutionary dictatorship. The few manufactures which exist in Ireland owe their establishment and vigour to persons and circumstances essentially non-Irish. A foreign people favoured by exceptional conditions has given to Ulster the only manufacturing wealth of which Ireland can boast. That this could survive such a revolution as we are now imagining, it is impossible to believe. We have assumed that Ulster would consent to remain a portion of this regenerated and republican Ireland—rather a wild hypothesis. If it did, not even its Scottish energy could give courage to capital and industry, both of which would fly from a despotism commencing with confiscation. What agriculture would become, when the land was transferred from landlords who had some notion of its capabilities to a host of petty proprietors each of whom sublet it to tenants, who in their turn broke it up among an inferior class of smaller holders, endowed with the usual Celtic fecundity, may be conjectured from its condition in the days before the Great Famine. Taking, then, into consideration the panic of manufacturing industry, the subdivision and impoverishment of the soil, and the stagnation of commerce, we can approximate to a conception of this imaginary republic. If we extend our field of contemplation, the picture is not more encouraging. With the downfall of the Protestant Establishment would come the ascendancy of Ultramontane Romanism, against which not even Hiberno-American Republicanism would prevail. The material evils of an exhausted soil, an increasing pauperism, and a blighted trade would be aggravated by the moral evils of blighted thought and fettered opinion. The abuse which it is sport to heap upon the English Government and Church would be blasphemy when aimed at the dominant Popery of Ireland. And in a few years no man would venture to express an opinion unsanctioned by a Romish priest's approval.

So much, and a good deal more, may be said about a separate and independent Irish Republic. As far as known facts and characters enable us to judge, its establishment would be a very bad thing for its own people, shut out as they would be from the benefits of English employment, English patronage, and English alms. But the contemplation of a separate and independent Ireland suggests a companion picture—that of a separate Ireland, independent of us, but not self-dependent; an Ireland ruled as a dependency, a province, or a territory, by some great maritime Power; the advanced post of a jealous enemy who from Irish harbours and within three hours' sail of our shores, could watch and threaten us at once with effect and impunity; herself intriguing against us at one time, fighting against us at another, and warily watching us at all times. This picture is not a pleasing one. All its incidents occur readily to the mind without setting them forth in detail. Their actual realization would be as humiliating as any disaster that ever befell a proud people; but that realization we believe it is in our power to prevent, as long as there are stout hearts and strong arms in England. One excuse for inertness is denied to us. We cannot say that the intentions of our enemies are unknown. For the manifesto of the priests has distinctly warned us. "Remember," they say, "that the idea of coming and seizing Ireland is now the idea of millions. Remember that the young hear and receive it as they grow up; and that their pride, interest, and chivalry are all stirred actively by the thought." After this, our duty is obvious enough.

#### COMMERCIAL PROSPECTS.

IT is seldom without advantage that an individual or a community looks back upon past anticipations, and contrasts them with the fruit which has actually ripened; and in commercial affairs it is an especially useful, though oftentimes a rather humiliating, way of correcting and maturing the judgment on which future operations must be based. The commencement of the present year is peculiarly appropriate for this sort of rectification of over-sanguine hopes. Nothing of a very startling and unforeseen kind has happened during the last twelve months to disturb the



forecasts on which even the most cautious economists ventured, and yet the commercial year has been wholly different in character from the expectations almost universally indulged.

On the 1st of January, 1867, the country was in a position which seemed to make it peculiarly easy to cast the horoscope of the future. A severe crisis had several months before closed a period of excessive speculation. The ground was cleared, or supposed to be cleared, of the wrecks of unlucky ventures, and the trade of the country had survived the collapse on the Stock Exchange, not only without ruin, but without any apparent check in the rate of progress. The revenue had been buoyant in spite of failing Companies and straitened incomes. The rate of discount, after rising nominally to ten per cent., and really to a much higher point, had fallen to 3½ per cent. Consols had been slowly improving, and touched the highest quotation of the year on the 31st of December. The Bank of England, after being practically empty in May, had accumulated a store of 19,000,000*l.* of bullion. More than half a year had passed since the fatal month of May, and every indication was considered to point in one direction. All persons thought that the bad times were behind us, that everything was ready for a fresh start, that trade had nothing to do but to continue and increase its marvellous activity, and that the lingering distrust which still lurked in commercial circles could not fall, on this as on former occasions, to vanish before the returning sunshine of the then approaching year. A vague fear of possible monetary derangements in the United States, and a not unreasonable dread of a Continental war, slightly, and only slightly, modified the general view; and few even of the most experienced dissented from the summary of the situation given in the City Article of the *Times*, to the effect "that after the crowd of troubles lately witnessed everything seemed sound, and that it might be considered that in no instance had a year opened with better promise than attended upon 1867."

This prediction has now been put to the test of experience, and though it has certainly not been exactly fulfilled, it is not obvious, even after the event, why it has failed, or what was the fallacy of the reasonings on which it was based. The only fears specially entertained have not been realized, and the year 1867 has seen neither a European war nor an American crisis. Money has become even more plentiful than was anticipated, and there is now about 22,000,000*l.* in the Bank of England, and 40,000,000*l.* in the Bank of France. The harvest, it is true, has not been abundant, but the deficiency has been wholly insufficient to account for the stagnation that has prevailed throughout the year. While the rate of discount has fallen to two per cent., Consols have scarcely improved in price, and all other investments have been ruinously depressed. Our foreign trade, which seems to be unhurt by the crisis year 1866, has shown an unmistakable decline in the recovery year 1867. The discovery that some of our principal Railway Companies have been for years paying dividends out of capital, and are now in need of further funds, has been supposed to account in part for the want of vitality apparent in all financial matters. But the cause is inadequate to produce the supposed effect, and it was besides known, though not to the full extent, more than a twelvemonth ago. The Great Eastern, North British, and Chatham and Dover Companies were in trouble in 1866, and the debenture panic originated in that year; and if one or two more Companies have been since added to the list of unfortunates, it is scarcely credible that a reduction in the dividends of a few thousand shareholders can be credited with the commercial stagnation of the British Empire, and indeed of the world, for most of the symptoms under which our trade is suffering are visible in a greater or less intensity in France, America, and most other commercial countries.

With the warning of past disappointment before us, it seems dangerous to speculate on what the coming year is likely to bring, at any rate until we can arrive at some explanation of the causes which have misled us all so much in the times gone by. And we believe that those causes are not far to seek. In truth, one broad and well-recognised fact goes far to account for the non-fulfilment of any financial calculations. Political economy affords a reasonably safe ground for forecasting in every respect but one. The kind of effects to be looked for from any given situation may generally be guessed with reasonable exactness if the operation of known causes is undisturbed by special calamities; but the wisest and most experienced are almost always at fault when they endeavour to fix the time within which any calculated influences will be felt. What was said last year was sound enough except in this, that no one sufficiently appreciated how much of the consequences of the past crisis still remained to be worked out, and how long a time may be needed to complete the process of recovery. Most of our prophets have been at least twelve months out in their calculations, and if the hopes with which the past year commenced were transferred to the present moment they would probably represent the fair prospects of the future much more accurately than they did when they were first entertained and expressed. It is as certain as anything future can be that the depression which follows the collapse of excessive speculation must wear itself out sooner or later, and be succeeded, in the absence of war or famine, by a turn of prosperity. We may be naturally timid now in suggesting the interval of waiting which may still intervene before the good time coming. But this at least is certain, that the longed-for period of ease and progress is twelve months nearer than it was when, a year ago, it seemed immediately before us, and that the dreary era of stagnation and distrust has already lasted longer than after any previous panic. These are not

unreasonable grounds for cheerful anticipation, and there is not more than the ordinary measure of evil portent to qualify our hopes. The overgrown armaments of Europe, it is true, are still being increased, but no proximate cause of war has yet been disclosed; and time, which so often disappoints our hopes, may disappoint our fears also, and at least postpone the dreaded contingency of universal warfare. The bad harvest of last year must have somewhat retarded the recovery of commercial energy, but the gloomiest critics of the present situation will scarcely say that we are seriously impoverished at a time when the greatest of all difficulties is to find employment for redundant capital. It is not wealth, but confidence, that is lacking, and confidence must be left to grow at its own rate. If we carry our retrospect over the whole of the past two years, it is difficult to point out where any considerable amount of the national capital has been lost. Of the many failures of new Companies very few have been caused by the actual loss of material capital. Railways that are found to be earning less profits than was supposed are not really less valuable than they were, however much the market price or estimated value of their shares may have been depressed. The losses incurred in a large proportion of the miscellaneous Companies now in course of winding-up represent, for the most part, money transferred from the pockets of dupes to the pockets of knaves—not a satisfactory state of things, but still something very different from an actual waste of capital, such, for instance, as the loans made by the French Government and people to the unfortunate Empire of Mexico. Some amount of extravagant expenditure during a period of inflation is certain to occur, and so to diminish the general wealth; but this evil, though not perhaps fully recognised until recently, is altogether past, and belongs to the time that preceded the crash of May, 1866. Since then we have been living soberly, and husbanding our means as became a people who had a recent attack of folly to repent of; and though the serviceable process of retrenchment has left its mark upon the revenue returns, it is in itself quite as much a source of wealth as a proof of poverty.

It will be the fault of the commercial community themselves if, with so much facility for active operations and so little remaining ground for distrust, they allow the torpor of the last year to paralyse their enterprise any longer; and though a prolonged disorder implies only a gradual restoration to health, it is impossible to doubt that matters are tending in the right direction, or to resist the conviction that commerce may recover its tone more rapidly than is now commonly imagined. If the country erred in its estimates last year through allowing too short a time for the removal of the ill effects of the crisis through which it had passed, the tendency at the present moment appears to be to overrate the yet unexpired term of our season of depression. There is little besides our fears to justify alarm, though it is quite true that, so long as uneasiness and timidity prevail, no amount of actual wealth can ever restore to trade the elasticity which for the time it has lost. If it was a national folly to trust so blindly as we did before 1866, it is not the less a national weakness to give way to the distrust and lethargy which have lately weighed so heavily upon the country. Excess has surely by this time been sufficiently atoned for by depression; and unless the enterprise of which this country has been so much given to boast has vanished altogether, we need not look for a much longer continuance of a torpor which is as little creditable to the national character as the inflated madness which preceded it. Alternations of wild credit and excessive caution always have occurred, and always must occur, but it will be an evil sign if, both in intensity and duration, these hot and cold fits of the public mind should be aggravated at every recurrence. It is because we do not believe in any permanent deterioration of the enterprise of the English people that we look forward to the coming year with anticipations much more cheerful than were warranted a year ago.

#### MR. SAMUELSON ON TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

THE very useful letter on Industrial Education abroad which Mr. Samuelson has addressed to Lord Robert Montagu will dispel, it may be hoped, more than one prevalent illusion as to the comparative merits of English and foreign manufactures. Our vast natural advantages have for a long time enabled us to command the markets of the world. It is only by slow degrees that our Continental rivals have crept up abreast of us; and, now that they are beginning to do so, we look about in every direction but the right one for the cause of our relative decline. Men who are for the first time brought face to face with an unpleasant truth usually find some passing comfort in fixing upon a wrong explanation of it. No doubt more causes than one have contributed to the result in question; but the cause that has had most to do with it is the want of trained intelligence among English workmen. Where we fail to succeed it is because we have not deserved to succeed. We have had the raw material of manufacture in great abundance, the raw material of labour in great perfection, and to these we have trusted exclusively. Countries less richly provided in these respects have been forced to look for a substitute in the superior temper of the human instruments they employ; and the increased intelligence of which they have thus obtained the command is at length beginning to bridge the chasm that has hitherto divided them from England. One most significant evidence of this is the frequent presence of foreign workmen in the higher positions in English

workshops. Thus the manufacture of cast-steel for the rolling-stock of railways at the works of the Monkbridge Iron Company at Leeds is carried on, Mr. Samuelson tells us, under the superintendence of a French engineer, a pupil of the *École des Arts et Métiers* of Aix, the Company having in vain sought among Englishmen for the requisite combination of scientific and practical qualifications. Again, in the hosiery warehouses at Nottingham, Germans and Scotchmen are preferred to Englishmen as clerks, from their superior school-training. The depression of the lace trade at the same place seems due to other causes, for the *Pas de Calais*, to which this branch of industry is rapidly finding its way, is unfavourably distinguished among French departments for educational deficiencies. But the one exception to the general depression at Nottingham helps to prove our point. The manufacture of lace curtains owes most of its success to the beauty of the designs produced in the local School of Art—Nottingham patterns being “preferred to those of France, not only in England, but in the markets of the world.” And even the failure in other branches may be remotely attributable to defective training. One of the most successful lace manufacturers in France considers that the difference between his firm and English firms is that the former gives its whole energies to the invention of new designs, whereas the latter rely too much on cheapness of production, to the neglect of details. “After work hours,” he told Mr. Samuelson, “we sit down together; if one of us have an idea, another assists in its development; then, as soon as it is matured, we take the pattern to one of the most experienced *modistes* in Paris, and, if approved, go ahead.” It is clear that, unless an English manufacturer happens to be a heaven-born designer, he would gain little by spending his evenings in this way. Whether he enters the firm as a capitalist, or is promoted to a partnership from among the superior workmen, he has neither the training which is wanted nor the opportunity of obtaining it. In some trades where other circumstances are exceptionally favourable, this want of education has been, and for some time longer may be, successfully contended against. Thus at Bradford the worsted manufacture, from extraordinary energy on the part of the masters, and unusual freedom from routine prejudice on the part of the men, is hardly affected by Continental competition. But it would be unsafe to rely on a permanent exemption of this kind when neither the workpeople, nor even the majority of the overlookers, “are possessed of the elements of education,” and among the latter many otherwise intelligent young men “are unable to keep correctly the simple accounts which should form a part of the duties of their position.”

If we look to the causes of this defect we shall find them to be three—insufficient primary instruction, insufficient means for keeping up and perfecting what has been already learned, and insufficient opportunities for the acquisition of technical knowledge. What is wanted is that every child should be able to read and write fairly before he goes to work; that he should be enabled to turn this knowledge to some intellectual account while he is at work; and that, in cases where his parents’ means, or his own industry, can defray the cost, he should be further enabled to perfect himself in the various branches of study which have a bearing, general or special, on his professional occupation. The first of these objects can only be attained by making the possession of some kind of educational certificate a necessary condition of a child being allowed to work before a certain prescribed age. Mr. Samuelson suggests twelve, which perhaps is as good a figure as can be selected. If the limit of age is placed too high, the parent will not have the inducement to see that his child goes to school which would be afforded by the prospect of getting him sooner employed. If it is placed too low, special provisions would have to be made to meet exceptional cases, whether of stupidity, idleness, or neglect. Supposing, however, the elementary instruction to be secured in some way before the age of twelve, there remains a period in which, unless a boy is unusually intelligent, he stands a great chance, perhaps of losing the little he knows, certainly of never adding to it any of the further knowledge which makes the first valuable. During the five or six years following a boy’s admission to a manufactory or a workshop, attendance at an adult school ought to be a regular part of his employment. To make this discipline effectual, however, the adult school must be something very different from that product of desultory benevolence that it now too often is. In a school of this kind technical education in its elementary phases would have a decided advantage over ordinary education. One great difficulty in night schools is to make the boys who attend them take any interest in what they are taught. And, speaking generally, this is not at all wonderful. No doubt the power of reading is a key to the whole literature of England. But in the hands of persons ignorant how to use it a key is of little use; and the boy who has merely a few hours in the week to give to learning will never, unless possessed of uncommon talents, acquire the taste and power of appreciation which are needed to make books attractive or even intelligible. The elementary principles of practical science as applied to the work in which he and his companions are daily engaged have a far better chance of interesting him; and therefore, if adult schools are to be really successful, they ought to be attached not so much to primary as to scientific schools. This, it appears, is the case in Prussia, where every “*Gewerbe Schule*,” or secondary school, must have a “*Forbildung’s Schule*,” or perfecting school, attached to it, in which its professors are bound to teach. If all our manufacturing towns were provided with a proper scientific school for

the highest class of pupils, there would be no difficulty in organizing instruction at night adapted to the purposes of that intermediate class of which we have been speaking. It is worthy of notice that in France, where the number of adult scholars in the winter of 1866-67 was 829,555, and the number of schools had increased in only three years from 5,623 to 32,383, by far the greater number of classes are held on the Sunday—the one day in which the pupil can bring to study a mind and body not exhausted by previous labour.

Of scientific schools as they exist on the Continent, Mr. Samuelson gives a very interesting, though, owing to many of them being closed at the time of his tour, a not very complete account. In what follows we shall only refer to France, but similar institutions exist in greater numbers in Germany and Switzerland. The *École Turgot* at Paris has 800 pupils, of whom 100 are Exhibitioners. The Exhibitions are provided by the municipality, and competed for, to the number of twenty annually, by the boys of the primary communal schools. The education given comprises religious instruction, French, English, and German, history and geography, mathematics, the theory of music, natural history, chemistry, and natural philosophy. This school is situated in the Rue Vert Bois, “in the very heart of the trading population, and is intended chiefly for the sons of the smaller tradespeople.” The law of the 15th of June, 1865, provides for the re-organization, under certain circumstances, of the *Lycees* and Communal Colleges, on a basis almost identical with that of the *École Turgot*. “The law,” says Mr. Samuelson, “is of such recent date that but little progress has been made as yet in the transformation of the classical into secondary special schools. The first step was the establishment of a training college for teachers of the modern instruction, in the old Abbaye of Cluny, near Macon, which is said to have attracted a concourse of most promising pupils. Of schools proper, I believe the only ones transformed as yet are the *Lyceé* of Mont de Marsan, in the Department des Landes, with a special view to the development of the plantations and the manufacture of the resinous product of that hitherto neglected district (the *lycée* was almost abandoned, whereas the new special school already contains nearly 300 pupils); the *Collège* of Alais, where the direction of the studies will be determined by the existence of the mines and metallurgical establishments of the neighbourhood; and the *Lyceé* of Napoléonville, in Brittany, which will be specially devoted to agricultural studies.” Besides these there are the technical schools proper which are either supported by Government or by local or individual efforts. The most important of these is the famous *École Centrale des Arts et Manufacture*, which is the *École Polytechnique* of industry. The three years’ course consists of pure and applied mathematics, chemistry, natural philosophy, geology in all its applications, and the construction of machinery. Châlons, Aix, and Angers have each a somewhat similar school; and the three together are attended by 900 pupils, most of whom “are the sons of mechanics, small tradesmen, or persons holding minor Government employments.” About one-half hold exhibitions, founded either by the communes or by individuals. Of 465 pupils who left the three schools in 1861 and 1862, only two were known to be without employment, and the pupils “rarely continue workmen; they rise rapidly—some to high industrial positions, nearly all to confidential employments of a lower grade.”

The great iron works at Creuzot, the property of M. Schneider, the President of the Corps Législatif, and a small number of other partners with limited liability, afford an example of a scientific as well as an elementary school maintained by a single firm of employers. In 1866 the schools contained 4,065 children, of whom 2,219 were boys. The latter are drafted from the school into the works, where they are placed “strictly according to the capacity they have shown at school.” The more promising scholars are sent to the *École des Arts* at Aix, whence they frequently return to fill responsible positions at Creuzot. Adult classes for those who wish to carry on their studies after leaving the school are held on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Fridays. In these instruction is given in geometry, chemistry, and natural philosophy, as well as in the usual elementary subjects. There are also special classes bearing directly on the occupations of the workmen, including a complete course of machine drawing; the result being, in Mr. Samuelson’s words, “that M. Schneider, in walking through the sheds where several pairs of marine engines were being erected, was able to inform me that there was not a man amongst the mechanics employed in that department who could not make an accurate drawing of the work on which he was engaged. What this signifies and is worth, a mechanic alone can fully appreciate.” The special importance of Creuzot, as an example, consists in this, that it is an instance of thorough appreciation by most competent persons of the interest which employers have in providing technical education for their workmen. The Government has its part to perform, and the working-classes have theirs; but at this moment the question is, most of all, an employer’s question. England can only hold the place she has won in the industrial strife by condescending to learn from other countries whatever they have to teach her. The great lesson which is offered to her now is, that neither natural energy nor natural advantages will serve as a substitute for education. With equal education they will tell as much as ever; without it, they will no longer put their possessors on an equality, or at most they will do no more than put them on an equality, with nations who have made a better use of less exceptional opportunities. Neither facilities for instruction on the one



hand, nor a desire to obtain it on the other, will supply our present deficiencies unless they are supplemented and encouraged by the influence and, in appropriate cases, by the authority, of the masters who will in the long run be equal sharers in the benefits that instruction confers.

## REVIEWS.

### ARISTOTLE ON FALLACIES.\*

**A**MID the deluge of "school classics," which seem to be the chief manufacturing industry of our universities, it is a relief to come occasionally upon a scholar's book. Mr. Munro's *Lucretius* and Mr. Ellis's *Catullus* have lately shown us that, even in degenerate days, the traditions of the highest learning are not wholly extinct in this country. Mr. Poste's *Sophistici Elenchi* may justly claim to be placed in the class of books which evince original knowledge and independent research. Its merits are, indeed, of a very different kind from those of the Cambridge *Lucretius* and the Oxford *Catullus*. It is not an edition, but a commentary. The Greek text, indeed, is given on the opposite page to the English version. But it is the Greek text such as time, Immanuel Bekker, and the printers have combined to make it. The English version is the substantial part of the work, which may be regarded as being an English book, with the original text printed, for convenience of verification, on the opposite page. And the translation is—what translations are not often—English. It is thoroughly intelligible. It is indeed a work of great skill. For, while adhering with fidelity to the original, it makes the original, what it is not in itself, intelligible. Mr. Poste's version is not merely satisfied with rendering Greek sentences into English sentences, which seems to bound the ambition of most translators, but gives everywhere English equivalents for the Greek. It is commentary without being paraphrase. Mr. Poste has felt that in translating Aristotle it was his business to aid, not merely those readers who do not know Greek, but more particularly those who do know it. Knowledge of Greek alone is not sufficient to enable any scholar to read Aristotle—we do not say easily, but at all. Mr. Poste is truly, in the old sense of the word, our interpreter.

Here occurs the inevitable question, What is the use of an interpreter in such a case? Granting that we cannot read Aristotle's *Sophistici Elenchi* without an English commentator, do we want to read it at all? Mr. Poste seems to have asked himself the same question after he had finished his labours. He says,

Is not, however, the whole subject of fallacies somewhat trumpery, and one that may be suffered, without much regret, to sink into oblivion?

Possibly; but, besides the doctrine of fallacies, Aristotle offers either in this treatise or in other passages quoted in the commentary, various glances over the world of science and opinion, various suggestions on problems which are still agitated, and a vivid picture of the ancient system of dialectic, which it is hoped may be found both interesting and instructive.—*Preface.*

It is rare, indeed, for an author or editor to claim so humble a rank for the object of his labours and studies. That Mr. Poste does not himself think "Fallacies" a branch of logic which deserves to be treated with contempt, is shown by the time and labour which he has bestowed on the present volume. What he implies, therefore, in the words above quoted from his brief preface, is, that he is aware that the public, whom he addresses, think so. If the men of our generation are right in despising a logical treatise on fallacies, it must be for one of two reasons. Either we English reason so soundly and fairly that we are never guilty of committing a fallacy by design, or of falling into one by accident. Or, if this cannot be affirmed, it must be that, though we do reason fallaciously, we have persuaded ourselves that a study of the laws of false reasoning is no assistance in avoiding it. The first hypothesis no one probably would attempt to defend. False reasoning and illogical conclusion abound to a most alarming degree on all sides, in all subjects, and among men of all parties. What indeed is it which constitutes the main occupation of reviewers? A review may certainly simply quiz, or chaff, or abuse. Or it may correct errors in statement, or it may simply intimate difference of opinion. But a large part of the business of a reviewer, and one of his most useful occupations, is to point out where a writer's hypotheses do not warrant his inferences. To do this is to prove the reasoner guilty of a logical fallacy. As there is then abundant employment of this kind ready to every man's hand, it is not because there are no longer any fallacies that the public hold in such little esteem logical treatises on the subject.

If, then, Mr. Poste is right in supposing that the English public look upon the subject of fallacies as "somewhat trumpery," it must be because they think that the logical study of the forms which fallacious reasoning can assume is not the proper, or the best, way of avoiding such faults. And some notion of this kind is probably at the bottom of English feeling on this subject. Experience is supposed to have proved that to learn logic is not the condition of reasoning soundly. Logic is still taught at one of our Universities, yet it is not found that Oxford men are more secure against fallacies than other people. Power of argument is a result

of native vigour of mind, and not to be acquired by learning an art of argumentation. Mr. Bright, it may be said, never learnt logic, yet is it found that Mr. Bright reasons less logically than Lord John Manners or Mr. Gathorne Hardy?

This disbelief of the average Englishman in the efficacy of training to improve and sharpen the powers of reasoning has been often argued against, and attempted to be replied to in various ways. But it is, in fact, one of the forms assumed by our great defect—our deficient mental, or ideal cultivation. The English mind has accuracy of perception. We can number, weigh, measure, even survey, and generally describe. But we do not think accurately. We yield to no nation in our capacity of dealing with the concrete. But when we come to the abstract, we lose ourselves. Abstractions are not habitually familiar to us. But all reasoning is, and must be, conducted by the medium of abstractions. For though all inference be from particulars to particulars, yet, when expressed in words, the transition is in every case made through the connecting link of one general term. This is a process for which our English minds have not only no aptitude, but a positive distaste. If a national defect, it is only so from a want of any traditional or hereditary cultivation. It is not an organic cerebral incapacity, but simply want of training. We have not the everyday training of language. Our grammar is that of a semi-civilized people. Our common talk is incoherent, or matter of fact. Our more sustained argument, spoken or written, is but assertion. We have a fund of rhetoric and strength of expression, and we substitute this for reasoning. "I feel most strongly that, &c." is one of our favourite arguments. To which the reply is as ready, "I am deeply convinced of the necessity on the other hand, &c." In this our affinity is with the Romans, rather than with the Greeks. The characteristic creation of the Roman was law and municipal constitutions. The characteristic creation of the Greek was logic. The Romans revived the Greek literature, but never made anything of the logical and metaphysical element in it. The Greeks had every variety of municipal constitution, but none of them ever lasted a generation. The Spartan polity was an exception, but the Spartans could not argue. The expression of the Spartan mind was apophthegm. Logic is not a set of artificial rules; it is the ultimate analysis of the process of inference. It is not merely a manual of rules showing how we ought to reason. It is the distinct enunciation of the steps which the mind actually does take when it reasons, or would utter its reasons. Where a society is not in the habit of giving reasons, there logic has little play, and will be little valued. The middle-class average Englishman is quite content to offer his opinion, as a fact, without justification. He does not recognise the fact that an opinion which is not proved is valueless. That an opinion is his opinion entitles it, in his view, to all the consideration which an utterance can claim. An offer of proof, by a more instructed man, he stigmatises as "rationalism." Not that Englishmen never reason. Reasoning, to a certain extent, is possible, as we see in brutes, without words. But the reasoning faculty is developed more in proportion as the language faculty is developed. The logical capacity of the Greeks was greater than ours in the same ratio that the Greek language is more articulate than English.

But, besides the possession of a more elaborate organ of thought, there is a yet further cause of the affection of the Greeks for logic and the alienation of the English from it. This cause is found in the different mode in which publication of thought takes place among us. All publication of opinion with us takes place in writing. In the best age of classical Greece, i.e. in the third and fourth century, B.C., publication was wholly or chiefly oral. Plato's dialogues, it is true, and a large quantity of dialogue now lost, by other authors, were written. But the Platonic dialogue, though original in literature, was an imitation in writing of that oral discussion which had been proceeding for years in the schools. In the first stage of speculation opinion was promulgated in writing. There was then no discussion. The thinker dogmatized, and his pupils wrote down his *dicta* as revelations of truth. The speculations of Heraclitus or Parmenides, like the six systems of Hindu philosophy, were embodied in obscure, oracular aphorisms adapted to the passive reciprocity of a school of followers. In course of time these schools came into necessary collision. They attempted to settle their differences, or to extinguish each other, by an appeal to the reason common to all. The comparison of rival theories, and the ambition of each to show up the other's defects, originated logic. The attack and defence were not conducted by writing, but by the actual contact of mind with mind, of notion with notion, like that of the rival tragedians in Aristophanes' play of *The Frogs*. Hence Dialectic—the Greek name for Logic—or the rules of discussion and debate. Under such circumstances Logic was no longer a mere athletic exercise, a branch of education which might be neglected at pleasure; it was the stringent and inevitable condition of the publication of opinion, as much so as grammar or accent. Where, as with us moderns, written publication has superseded oral, Logic naturally retires into the background. Dogmatism and rhetoric have usurped its place. The writer of an article in a review or newspaper has, for the time being, the field to himself. He is a dogmatist. He utters his opinion, and advances his reasons. An answer is forthcoming in an opposition review. But the answer consists in a no less dogmatic assertion of the counter opinion. It is true that the Greek logic is strictly applicable to each of such written pleadings—applicable, that is, by any person who might choose to take the trouble to examine such arguments as there might be. But the laws of logical procedure

\* *Aristotle on Fallacies, or the Sophistici Elenchi; with a Translation and Notes.* By Edward Poste, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

were not brought to bear upon the disputants during the progress of the discussion. This makes all the difference. Logic has accordingly retired into the position of a theoretical science, the validity of which is not denied, but the practical occasion for which has no longer any existence in fact. We may recall the wish with which Mr. Mill commenced his *Examination of Sir W. Hamilton*, that his antagonist was alive to reply:—

It would have been worth far more [he said], than any polemical success, to have known with certainty in what manner Sir W. Hamilton would have met the objections raised in this volume. I feel keenly, with Plato, how much more is to be learnt by discussing with a man who can question and answer, than with a book which cannot.

The English indifference to logic, then, is due to more than one cause. Imperfectly developed language-faculty, and a habit of regarding authority rather than appealing to reason in matters of opinion—these have their share in it. But the main cause is certainly to be found in the fact that publication by the press has almost superseded publication by word of mouth. Long after all traces of logical procedure had vanished from public discussion, they were maintained in use in the "Disputations" which constituted one of the principal University exercises. The formulas were thus household terms; as Mr. Poste reminds us, quoting from Le Sage's *L'Espérance*, acted 1730:—

Mais le quadrille aussi, Monsieur de la Garonne,  
Est un jeu du hasard.

G. Madame, *distinguo*;

Pour l'honnête personne  
Oh! vraiment, *concedo*;  
Mais pour la gente friponne,  
*Nego*.

Since oral disputation has been superseded by written exercises, all practical employment of logic or logical forms has ceased among us. Aristotle's Logic therefore can have only an interest for scholars. The student of the classics will find in this treatise on "Fallacies," and in the rich store of passages from other works of Aristotle which Mr. Poste has collected in his notes, "a vivid picture of the ancient system of dialectic." He will be assisted in realizing the origin of logic in the necessities of oral debate; an origin which is indicated by the name "dialectic." Indeed, the necessity of bearing in mind, not only the original, but the continued, connexion between logic and publication by word of mouth is perpetually being brought home to us in these pages. Whately is often falling into error from not having fully realized this connexion. He says, e.g. that "ignoratio elenchi" is not a strictly logical fallacy because it is—

an artificial and circuitous way of speaking to suppose in all cases an opponent and a contradiction. The simple statement of the matter being this; I am required by the circumstances of the case (no matter why) to prove a certain conclusion. I prove not that, but one which is likely to be mistaken for it. In this lies the Fallacy.—*Logic*, b. iii. § 3.

Here Whately is endeavouring to adapt an Aristotelian division of fallacies which was founded on the circumstance of oral disputation, to the only "circumstances of the case" with which we himself was familiar—namely, written argumentation. His "no matter why" is extremely amusing. It just makes the difference. In Logic, as the rule of oral debate, "ignoratio elenchi" is the most characteristic of all the fallacies. For the most direct confutation is to prove the contradictory of your adversary's conclusion. The capital art of the talking Sophist is to seem to have done this, when he has really not done so. Indeed, Aristotle admits that in making a special class of fallacy under the name "ignoratio elenchi" (i.e. affecting to mistake the proposition to be proved), "we must bear in mind that its differentia (i.e. mistaking the proposition to be proved) is a character common to all the classes of fallacy."

Again, Whately is in error in thinking that the questioning, in the Fallacy called the fallacy "plurium interrogationum," is merely a rhetorical figure. He supposes it can only occur in a speech where the orator, to give animation to his discourse, puts his own assertions into the form of interrogation, and makes-believe that he expects an answer. The recollection of the origin of Logic in the actual cross-examination of the Socratic schools, where two or more minds entered into partnership to search for truth by public parley, the investigation being conducted by question and answer, explains to us the important place which the fallacy "plurium interrogationum" (i.e. of treating two or more questions as one) occupied in the system.

On the question of "The Sophists," we find Mr. Poste ranging himself on the side of the popular belief in their existence, against the view maintained by Hegel and Grote:—

Did the Sophist ever exist? Was there ever a class of people who professed to be philosophers and to educate, but, instead of method or a system of reasoned truth, only knew and only taught under the head of philosophy, the art of eristic? When we read Whately's *Logic*, we see that to him the Sophist is merely an ideal, the personification of a bad argument. Grote says, the only reality corresponding to the name are the *disjecti membra sophistarum* in all of us, the errors incidental to human frailty in the search after truth. But if we accept the testimony of Aristotle, there were certain definite individuals who, by the common consent of the thinking Hellenic world, had coined more fallacies than is permitted to human infirmity, and were consequently recognised by the educated as utterers of counterfeit wisdom, clever charlatans, intellectual Cagliostro, pseudo-philosophers, because indifferent to the truth. We must not suppose that the name was applied to thinkers merely because their opinions were heterodox or unpublishable to their contemporaries; for it was never applied, as far as I am aware, to Leucippus or Democritus. The question is more interesting, however, to the historian than to the logician. To the logician sophistry, like dialectic and science and philosophy, is merely an ideal.—P. 101, note 13.

Any opinion of Mr. Poste, founded on the testimony of Aristotle, must be received with the respect due to the opinion of one who of all living Englishmen is probably most profoundly read in that vast encyclopedia of Greek science. But we confess we should like to see the testimony in question produced. We have persuaded ourselves to regard the view of the character of the Sophists first traced by Hegel, and popularized in this country by Mr. Grote, as one of the most distinctly made points in modern historical inquiry. A portrait of this "Sophist," as conceived by Aristotle, without throwing in any Platonic or other colouring, would be an acceptable contribution to classical illustration, and one which we venture to suggest to Mr. Poste.

#### AXEL, AND OTHER POEMS.\*

WE are indebted to Mr. Lockwood for a translation of a selection of Swedish poems which, in a small compass and in a convenient form, gives us a very fair specimen of what Swedish poetry is like. Without overvaluing this poetry, or pretending that it is very novel or rich, that it has much genius in it, or much interest, we may yet say that it is quite worth studying in a cursory way for its own sake, and also for the light it throws on the general conditions under which poetry of different kinds is naturally produced. There is something genuine and pleasing in these Swedish writers, something which bears the peculiar stamp of the country, and an honest affection for the beautiful and the pure which wins its way with a reader. At the same time there is a great tendency to purely conventional prettinesses, to efforts of infantine exaggeration, and to an alternation of commonplaces and little obvious jumps out of the commonplace. Mr. Lockwood very properly, in his introduction, makes the most of his friends, and says all that he can in their favour. More especially he borrows from a Swedish poet and a Swedish professor criticisms on Swedish poetry. The Swedish poet says of the literary genius of his countrymen that it is very different from that of the German. "The Swede," he tells us, "like the Frenchman, prefers in poetry the light, the clear, and the transparent. He esteems, indeed, and values the profound also, but it must be a depth which is pellucid. He desires to see the golden sands at the bottom of the wave." This not inaptly describes the poetry translated in this volume. It is all gold sands at the bottom of the wave. So indeed is most minor poetry. To sprinkle his little sands of gold, which he reasonably hopes all his friends will recognise as pretty, and then to put the proper quantity of pellucid water over them, is the process which a man with a poetical turn follows all over the world. But minor poetry gains a reality from the genuine interest which the poets take in their own surroundings and the unsophisticated charm which they find in the record of their ordinary emotions. Swedish poetry appears to us to have this reality in a high degree. The poets translated in Mr. Lockwood's volume have a pride in Sweden and a love for Sweden and everything Swedish, an admiration for Swedish scenery, and a rapturous interest in the sun, moon, sky, ice, long nights and short days, short nights and long days, green fields, and big rocks of Sweden, which is obviously at first hand. They utter thoughts which they know will come home to all around them. They are provincials speaking to provincials, and few things on earth are so honest as provincialism. This gives them a sensible advantage over minor poets in England. To describe the common features of English scenery is almost forbidden to a small English writer. The thing has been done both in verse and prose so very often, so well, and by writers of classical authority. They cannot hope to say much that Tennyson and George Eliot have not said before them. Consequently they are obliged either to copy their models and go on describing things by means of tags or parodies of Tennysonian verse, or they seek novelty and a sort of originality by fresh conceits about scenery, or by new complications between scenery and their own emotions. Swedish poets are saved this. They can dare to write what comes uppermost to them, for they are all on pretty much of a level. It is hard on our minor poets that others should have this advantage over them, but they must accept their fate. They live in the wrong place and time, and must bear to be thought insipid and poor, whereas, if they had had the luck to be a little more provincial, criticism would have welcomed with pleasure the utterances of their honest provincialism.

It is probable that most readers of these poems will find that Swedish poetry bears a strong resemblance to Scotch. There are many pieces in the volume that are very like the worst pieces of Burns. To the Scotch of modern times Burns is a kind of saint, and everything he ever wrote is in a manner sacred. But few poets wrote at once so much that was very good and so much that was mediocre as Burns. In humour and in pathos he has had few rivals, but when he is neither humorous nor pathetic it is difficult to say that he is great. He is often forced, and very often commonplace; but then he is never without charms. For he felt his poetry, he felt the scenery in which he lived, and the passions of the people among whom he lived. Even when he moves in verse like a peasant in Sunday clothes, anxious to show that he too can say something the gentry will like to hear, he always inspires the belief that his enthusiasm for nature and his interest in Scotchwomen is innate. The Swedish poets produce the same

\* *Axel, and other Poems*. Translated from the Swedish. By Henry Lockwood. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.



effect. They are better poets somehow because they are Swedes. It is not that they merely seem better poets. They really are better. Their provincialism gives them an accidental but indisputable merit. In their higher poems the Swedes may even be compared with the great master of Scotch poetry. If *Axel* is like anything in English it is like Scott's poems—a long way off, but still with some real points of resemblance. Probably it was more or less of an imitation of Scott, but there is more in it of likeness than a successful imitation ever reaches. If, indeed, any reader thinks that by opening this volume he can get anything like the pleasure which an unknown poem by Scott would give him, he will, of course, be very much disappointed. Tegner is not in the least equal to Scott in any of the points in which Scott is great, but still such merits as he has are like the merits which are most discernible in Scott. He stands, in the first place, to Sweden and Swedish history in much the same relation as Scott stood to Scotland and Scotch history. To both the peculiar history and literature of their country had an interest partly literary and partly real. They both felt the romantic element in the past, although sensible that the romantic element was gone, and that a revival of it could only be a literary feat. "However weakened, frivolous, or degenerate the people may be in these days," says Tegner, "a Viking vein still lies at the bottom of the national temperament." The Vikings were both dead and not dead to Tegner, just as Scott was at once a Jacobite and an admirer of George IV.

Mr. Lockwood has discharged with very considerable care and success his duties as a translator. Those who are unacquainted with Swedish cannot pretend to say whether the version is faithful, but it reads as if it were; and if the versification is sometimes cumbersome, and the language a little obscure, it would appear as if this were only the accuracy of a translator who follows the faults of an original. If a Swedish poet does not write with the swing and ease and clearness of Scott, his translator would be only departing from his duty if he improved him too much. It seems to be one of the faults of Swedish poetry to stick in unintelligible parentheses which puzzle and distract the reader. On the other hand, when his original goes forward in a clear, intelligible way, Mr. Lockwood is easy and flowing enough. The great blemish, however, not of the translation, but of the original, is the proneness to slide off into those little lapses from good taste from which provincial poetry is so rarely free. Tegner is considered, and we have no doubt deservedly, the first of Swedish poets, but the first of Swedish poets puts things into his poems which any reviser of prize poems would cut out remorselessly. *Axel*, for example, the hero of the first poem in the volume, is bound by a vow not to marry, in spite of any inducements, though the prettiest eyes and the most charming lips should attract the warrior, and even, as the poet goes on to say,

Though breasts like sister swans should swim  
The snowy lake they loved to skim.

Widely as opinions as to female charms differ, the notion of breasts swimming a snowy lake, instead of, as they would naturally prefer, skimming it, is mysterious when offered as an attraction. Then again, when *Axel* is wounded, he is carried off by the heroine and very properly and kindly put to bed, which is described by saying that he

Pale as death was gently borne  
Back to the pillow's peaceful shield.

This surely is provincialism striving to avoid the commonplace. A pillow is not a very poetical thing, though very useful, and a poet is quite right to touch it up a little, and make it as poetical as he can; but to talk of its shield can only be justified on the principle that any one big whitish thing may be compared to another. Subsequently the enamoured girl follows her hero to the wars, and of course disguises herself as a page. She not only hides all her back hair under a helmet, puts on a leather cuirass, and arms herself with a carbine and a sabre, but she invests herself with a sham moustache, which addition is thus described by the poet:—

Then o'er her lips of coral hue  
A shade of darkest tint she drew;  
It was as if a veil of woe  
Waved o'er a bank where roses grow.

But by far the worst specimen of Tegner's taste, and the most glaring example of provincialism striving to soar above the commonplace, is to be found in a short poem called the "Ode to the Sun," of which Mr. Lockwood, who ought to know, says that "it is perhaps better calculated than any other to give the reader a just impression of the character and style of Tegner's poetry"; and Mr. Lockwood goes on to fortify his own opinion by that of another Swedish poet who said that this was "the best of all Tegner's minor pieces, both as regards the lofty flight of the imagery and the harmony of the verse." An English reader would naturally look with great interest to this poem, because a lofty flight of imagery is exactly the quality of Swedish poetry which is most conspicuous by its absence. He turns to this poem, and what does he find? The poet, in his lofty flight, asks the sun what it is about, going forwards and backwards in such a restless way; and then he accounts for this wearisome motion by supposing that the sun once knelt in the air, "like an angel at prayer"; but subsequently declining to obey the commands of the Almighty, was hurled into space and condemned, like a celestial Wandering Jew, to go drifting for ages in a swift and restless way into the sens of the sky. But the poet has pity on the poor thing, and consoles it with the

prospect of the end of the world and general break-up of creation, when

All thy trials are o'er,  
And thy reconciled Lord  
Having sheathed His sharp sword,  
Thou art pressed to His breast  
Like an infant at rest.

The notion of an extinct but very tired sun being taken like a good baby into the bosom of God is surely an instance of the very great ease with which minor poets step over the narrow line that divides the sublime from the ridiculous.

Specimens from four or five other poets besides Tegner are given by Mr. Lockwood, who very wisely, instead of burdening his book with copious extracts from numerous writers, has given a few of the best things he has found in the authors he most likes. The general level of these secondary Swedish poets may be said to be about that of Mrs. Hemans. There is nothing in the verses we have given us nearly so good as the best things Mrs. Hemans wrote, but then it must be remembered they are translations; and even if a Swede could translate English as well as Mr. Lockwood can translate Swedish, the powers of Mrs. Hemans might want a charm in the translation which they have in the original. But, without the polish and the lightness of Mrs. Hemans, these good Swedes resemble her in their verses. These poems are all what are called in the advertisements of annuals "poems of the hearth and the affections." A little simple scenery and a little play of the domestic feelings make up the substance of their theme. No one can read them without feeling sure that the Swedes must be very nice people. It is characteristic of the Swedes that they scarcely ever write a page without bringing in an angel; and as to the setting sun and the rising moon, nothing that a warrior or a young woman can do fails to remind the poet of one of those luminaries. This is by no means a fault in its way. The objects of nature that are easily associated with the passions are at once few and obvious, and the genius of the Swedish poets impels them to take these few obvious objects, and stick to them. There is a truth to life in this which, if a little monotonous, has still the charm of sincerity; and like most poets whose thoughts do not wander very far afield, their notions of a happiness that they long for, but do not know, are a little conventional. They slide very naturally into dreams of

A moss-mantled isle  
Whose leaves never sadden, whose springs ever smile,  
Where zephyrs and roses, whose blushes ne'er fade,  
Breathe whispers of love to the sighs of the glade.

Who has been at a German tea-party and cannot at once realize the ecstatic way in which the ladies would pronounce this poetry *himmeleschön*? and we think that we cannot be wrong in guessing that Swedish tea-parties must be very like German. Still, even if this enthusiasm can scarcely be rivalled in England, yet most readers, when they lay this volume down, will acknowledge that the impression of Swedish poetry which they have derived from it is favourable. *Axel*, more especially, is not to be judged from the isolated instances of extravagant language that are to be found in it. The story is well told, some of the dialogue is spirited, and the versification is easy and not without vigour. Tegner's *Frithiof Saga* has, we learn, been translated into every European language, and the readers of Longfellow will remember a translation by that kindred poet of Tegner's "Children of the Lord's Supper." He is at the very least a poet whom it is worth while to know by reading translations of his works, and Mr. Lockwood has therefore done an acceptable service to English literature by translating those of Tegner's poems which are new in an English form, and will best bear a reproduction in a foreign language.

#### MOTLEY'S UNITED NETHERLANDS.—VOL. IV.\*

IN this volume Mr. Motley completes the portion of his work which he has immediately in hand. It begins, as our readers will remember, soon after the death of Philip, soon after the establishment of the Archdukes in the obedient provinces, and goes down to the practical establishment of the independence of the United Provinces by the Twelve Years' Truce. The chief actors on the side of the Provinces are still Maurice of Nassau and John of Olden-Barnevelt, the discordance between whom begins, towards the end of the volume, to assume no small importance on the great questions of peace and truce. On the other side a most important actor now appears for the first time in the person of Ambrose Spinola. Among the main events are the campaign in Flanders forced on Maurice by the States-General, his dangers and difficulties, crowned by the brilliant, though fruitless, victory of Nieuport. Then we have the long siege of Ostend, the great outpost of the commonwealth in Flanders—a siege which, as Mr. Motley says, "became the war." Ostend is at last lost, or rather gradually destroyed, but by that time the loss has been more than made good by Maurice's recovery of Sluys. Then we have the exploits of the Netherlands by sea under Heemskerk and other great naval captains, in all parts of the world, from the Straits of Dover to the Eastern Archipelago. Pre-eminent among them is the great sea-fight off Gibraltar in which Heemskerk himself fell. Further, we have the long and weary negotiations for peace, ending in the conviction that a final peace

\* *History of the United Netherlands; from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce—1609.* By John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L. 4 vols. Vol. IV. 1600-9. London: Murray. 1867.

was impossible. Lastly, we have the truce instead of the peace, a truce which practically secured all the ends of a peace, and which left the Republic independent and triumphant on all the great points at issue. It is during these long negotiations that we come across the first open dissensions between the two leading men of the Commonwealth—between Barnevelt the statesman and Maurice the man of the sword. Just at the end we get glimmerings of the religious and political disputes which were to grow out of these personal estrangements. As yet Barnevelt is primarily the champion of peace, and Maurice its opponent. But we see the shadows of the controversies in which they were to appear as the respective representatives of the Arminians and the Gommarists in theology, and in politics of the municipal oligarchies on the one side and of something like a popular monarchy on the other. Through all these subjects Mr. Motley carries us in his usual manner, which we need not again criticize at length. But we cannot read many pages of Mr. Motley without a feeling of regret that an historian whose merits are so many and so sterling cannot learn wholly to cast away those small tricks of style, those petty sneers and sarcasms, which are altogether unworthy of himself and his subjects. In essential matters we remark only one defect, one which we have remarked all through his work, and which is specially surprising in an historian of his nation. He nowhere gives us any full and connected discussion of the position and constitution of the United Provinces as a Federal State. The subject has evidently had its place throughout in Mr. Motley's own mind; it often comes in for incidental allusion and mention; but it is nowhere formally discussed. He often speaks of the effects—almost always the ill effects—of the large amount of independence retained by the several Provinces within the Confederation and by the several cities within each Province. He told us in his third volume how the chance of forming a real Federal Executive was lost when the State-Council died out. He tells us now how Zealand, during the peace negotiations, threatened to secede from the League. He brings in a good many incidental references to the constitution and history of his own country. The text of some of the documents which he quotes brings in more than one incidental reference to the position of Switzerland. But these detached elements are nowhere worked into a whole. Mr. Motley nowhere gives us any formal examination of the political constitution of the Provinces; still less does he give us any formal comparison between that constitution and the constitution of other Federal commonwealths, old and new.

The truth is that the history of this war is one which may lead us for the moment to neglect purely constitutional studies. When a nation is animated as one man by such a spirit as that by which the people of the Seven Provinces were animated during the period described in Mr. Motley's last two volumes, the differences between forms of government become for the time of comparatively small importance. The Netherlands, of all classes, were determined not to submit on any terms to Philip or to his creatures the Archdukes. They were determined no longer to go about hawking their allegiance to the sovereigns of France, England, or any other country. They had got over the evils, the dissensions and weaknesses, of the earlier stages of the war, and had made up their minds to show a united and thoroughly patriotic front to the enemy. The nation had the sense to put its best men in the highest places and to trust them in those places, and neither statesmen nor soldiers proved themselves unworthy of the national confidence. In such a state of the national temper, the form of government mattered comparatively little. It might have been difficult to define, according to any political theory, the exact position either of John of Olden-Barnevelt or of Maurice of Nassau. But there was no doubt that in plain fact Barnevelt was the head and Maurice the arm of the commonwealth, and as long as all the members of the body practically acted together, it might seem of comparatively little moment by what formal tie they were connected. Both the independence and the republican character of the new State came in a manner by accident, as it was gradually found to be equally impossible to retain allegiance to Philip and to transfer allegiance to any other prince. No formal federal constitution was ever drawn up. The lax and irregular union which was enough while the whole people was inspired by the same feeling of high-strung enthusiasm did not fully show its defects till there was no longer a deadly enemy at the gates of the commonwealth. That is to say, the defects of the Dutch Confederation did not fully display themselves till a time later than that which is embraced in Mr. Motley's present volumes. But the causes of those defects come pre-eminently within the range of his present subject, and we could wish that he had dealt with them, and generally with the political institutions of the country, in a fuller and more systematic way than he has done.

But the military and diplomatic events contained in the present volume are of extreme interest, and are, as usual, told by Mr. Motley with thorough spirit and appreciation. Among purely military events we have the wonderful victory of Maurice at Nieuport and the great siege of Ostend. Here we make our first acquaintance with the last great champion on the Spanish side, Ambrose Spinola. It is some comfort to find that in these the last days of the struggle the Commonwealth had to contend with one who could understand the position of an honourable enemy, and who could even, as it would seem, enter into a diplomatic negotiation with no intention to deceive anybody. Morally, Spinola rises at least as high above Alexander

of Parma as Alexander of Parma rises above Alva. And his military genius is something more remarkable, coming forth as it did suddenly, without any early military training. But Spinola, the brave and loyal servant who impoverished himself in the royal cause, found as little reward at the wretched Court of Spain as any of his predecessors. Spinola, an Italian, noble indeed, but of the mercantile nobility of Genoa, was as much mistrusted at the Court of Philip the Third as the great Duke of Parma had been at the Court of Philip the Second. In this respect at least, father and son—so far as the son could be said to have any will at all—were thoroughly alike. Mr. Motley gives a vigorous picture of the state of utter decay into which the great Spanish monarchy had now fallen. Philip the Second at least seriously gave his whole mind to what he held to be the duties of his calling; he was hardworking, if hardworking only for evil. But in Philip the Third we have the complete model of the *Roi fainéant*. The son of Philip was the grandson of Charles, and the descent from the elder to the younger Philip is not unlike the descent from Charles to Philip himself. Charles was a man of action who showed himself personally to the whole world; Philip spent his days in the vain attempt to govern the world from his writing-desk. But Philip the Third altogether gave up all attempts to govern anybody. He was a man wholly free from personal crimes or vices, except the greatest crime of all, that of not even trying to discharge or understand the duties of his station. Spain, during his father's reign, very distinctly meant Philip the Second. But Spain, during the next reign, most certainly does not mean Philip the Third, but his Mayor of the Palace, the Duke of Lerma. The picture of the tyranny which the favourite exercised over the King, and still more over the Queen, makes a story half ludicrous, half melancholy. At last Philip gave up the very semblance of royal authority; it was too much for him even to sign papers with his own hand, and the royal signature was added by his favourite. The Archdukes, nearer the scene of action, had more energy. And characteristically enough, it was not the Archduke but the distant King, or rather his master, who proved the most obstinate to concluding anything like peace or truce with the provinces which had won their independence.

The two points for which Spain most strenuously stood out, and on which the Netherlands most vigorously refused to yield, were the two points of religion and trade. On the former head Spanish pride had indeed made some concessions since the days of Philip the Second. In his days the Provinces could always have made peace with their offended sovereign, but only by giving up every point for which they were fighting. Philip was always ready to receive them to favour as soon as they once more became loyal subjects and faithful Catholics. But on no other terms would he have any dealings with those who had cast aside his authority and that of the Church. But now all that the Catholic King ventures to ask, and to ask in vain, is that the public exercise of the Catholic religion in the Provinces shall be secured by an article of the treaty. The discussion of this point brought with it the curious phenomenon of the commonplaces on behalf of toleration being pressed by the side which had so long been the side of persecution. It is unpleasant to see the intolerance displayed by some leading men on the Dutch side, especially by Maurice, who had, in this respect, quite fallen away from the lofty and solitary height which had been occupied by his father. But, as a matter of policy and national honour, the States were doubtless right in absolutely refusing to make any point of their internal government a matter of treaty with a foreign Power. The other point was that of trade with the Indies. The enterprising seamen of Holland and Zealand had utterly broken up the Spanish monopoly in the Eastern and Western Oceans. The absorption of Portugal by Philip had united in his hands both parts of the famous grant of Alexander the Sixth. The King of all the peninsular kingdoms was King also of the islands and continents of the Ocean, of the East and West Indies. The remote islands of the Eastern Sea were among his special possessions; they were his own house, within which no stranger was allowed to set foot. But in defiance of all such restrictions the Dutch had practically established their right to trade where they pleased, and their East India Company, the forerunner of our own, had entered on its career of commerce and dominion. To this right the Dutch clave as steadfastly as they clave to their religion and independence; indeed such a country as theirs without unrestricted trade by sea would have been nothing. By the Twelve Years' Truce, however, the trade was practically conceded by Spain, though in language from which the direct use of the word India was excluded; much as the direct use of the word Slave was excluded from the American Constitution. In short, Mr. Motley winds up his story at the Truce of 1609, that is, at a point at which he leaves his favourites triumphant in every point both of war and negotiation. Their old master has condescended to treat, he has treated with them as an independent Power, and in the matter of the treaty he has yielded the two main points on which they insisted. The Seven United Provinces are an acknowledged and independent State, and a State which for a while deservedly ranked among the great Powers of Europe.

We take leave of Mr. Motley for the present with every feeling of admiration for the great work which he has thus far brought to perfection, and with every wish to meet him once more on the wider field of the Thirty Years' War. Not the least of



Mr. Motley's merits is that he always writes, as an American writing of those times always should write, in the spirit of an Englishman.

#### SILCOTE OF SILCOTES.\*

NO one has a right to complain, in respect of a pantomime, that he has seen the same clown and harlequin going through exactly the same performance with a policeman, a poker, and a pail of soapsuds once a year from time immemorial; nor, when witnessing a Punch and Judy show, would a man be justified in interrupting the proceedings, and declaring that he for his part will have none of such antiquated rubbish, that it is time to change the now vulgarized features of Pontius Pilate for a more modern cast of countenance, and that the dog Toby, the hangman, the baby, and the ghost must give way to new and original representations of life and character. Each of these personages has, for one reason or another, long enjoyed an immunity from criticism of any kind. But can Mr. Henry Kingsley substantiate any such claim on behalf of the best known, and we are bound to add, the most unnatural and repulsive of his puppets? Is the muscular ruffian, that "glorious giant of a man," so firmly established in the world of fiction as a necessary centrepiece for admiration, that he should inevitably make his appearance with "magnificent torso," "splendid physique," "prizefighter's head," and "iron constitution," and be casually recognised by a little boy, who turns out subsequently to be a son of his, as "the biggest and broadest man he had ever seen"? Is the worship of Chang to be perpetual in the Kingsley family? And if so, must the poor creature be always an ill-conditioned brute, a "reckless hurling giant," given to using bad language and spending his relations' money, living in complete selfishness and idleness, with all the evil propensities and results arising therefrom, including the desertion of his wife and elopement with a ballet-dancer? Is not the pattern of novels necessarily conventional enough, without this hideous monstrosity becoming a part of their stage furniture?

Perhaps, however, we should look at the matter from a different point of view, and be grateful that in this novel Mr. Thomas Silcote, Captain of Dragoons, who for the nonce is muscular bully, and who is so very fast (though we are not told what particular offence it was that brought about the final catastrophe) that he has to leave Her Majesty's army, and betake himself to the Austrian service, where of course he almost immediately becomes a colonel, does not monopolize quite so much space as his prototypes have more than once done. The only vice, we are told at a late period of his career, that he had not adopted, was that of drinking. He says of himself with commendable candour, "I can't behave well. You may depend that a fellow like me is much better out of the world than in it!" Possibly. Of one thing we are very sure, he would have been much better out of the novel. Such a man would probably be tedious and irritating enough in real life to make his death a desirable consummation; but when Mr. Henry Kingsley takes upon himself the responsibility of calling him into existence, and does not kill him off till near the close of the last volume, he is guilty of an unpardonable offence against good taste which in the other case could not be saddled upon any one particular person.

The plot of the story is confusing rather from the amount of alien matter introduced into it than from its own inherent complexity. At the end of the third volume everybody turns out to be everybody else's relation, and comes into a large fortune; and the hero and heroine become first cousins—an event which, fortunately or unfortunately, does not lead to the breaking off of their engagement. The noise and clamour with which every incident in the story is accompanied, the continual restlessness of the author, and his reckless habit of applying the strongest stimulants and irritants to his readers' imagination, in season and out of season, endeavouring always to catch their attention by the most unlikely occurrences, might be calculated to raise a laugh, if it did not produce quite such astounding effects. The story may in fact be described as in many respects resembling a kaleidoscope, of the merits of which it is almost impossible to form an opinion, because of the velocity with which the exhibitor persists in revolving it, so that the spectator gets a view of nothing but shapeless pieces of colour tumbling over and over in inextricable confusion.

In one or two of the pauses which necessarily occur when Mr. Kingsley's noisiness has fairly worn itself out, we do for a moment get a clear and distinct view of some of the characters. Perhaps the best of all is old Betts, the vulgar but genial bankrupt stockbroker, a downright snob and Philistine, but possessed of an entirely new and original flavour—a man to be met with over and over again in real life, but now, we believe, making his appearance for the first time in the pages of a novel. Nearly every one of his actions is eminently characteristic; and, upon the whole, he is as good a piece of character-drawing as we are ever likely to get from Mr. Kingsley. Algernon Silcote, the High-Church clergyman in chronic ill-health and impecuniosity, is also well conceived. These two men live together, and the delicate and sensitive honour and inherent weakness of the one form a very telling contrast with the vulgar coarseness and real power of the other. But although, from their doings and the descriptions

that we get of them, we form a pretty clear conception of the kind of persons they are, directly they begin to talk we find that Mr. Kingsley has got but one style of conversation for all his characters. He appears as yet not even to have developed an embryonic conception of the fact that every strongly-defined type of humanity is marked not only by a distinct habit of thought, but also by certain distinct methods and tricks of speech; that ladies'-maids, labourers, school-porters, and young children (of each of which classes he gives us specimens in the present novel) do not all cast their sentences in the same mould, and speak in exactly the same fashion as highly-educated ladies and gentlemen. Persistently to have ignored this fact as he has done throughout his career as a novelist, though never perhaps to so great an extent as in this his latest production, is simply to show that he has never yet realized one of the most rudimentary laws which are binding on the dramatic representation of every form of life and character. Dr. Johnson is reported to have said that an author need never be afraid of putting too good a thing into the mouth of any one of his characters. Without entering into a long discussion as to the amount of truth contained in this somewhat arbitrary dictum, which has probably been the innocent cause of a terrible amount of would-be facetious dialogue in modern literature, and which, we fancy, had better be forgotten as soon as possible by an author whose tendency is to be always endeavouring, at any cost, to win for his characters the reputation of "funny dogs," we would simply remind Mr. Kingsley that the good thing is always capable of being cast in an appropriate mould. This is a process which he has always neglected, and upon which every first-class novelist has always bestowed particular care and attention. Mrs. Poyser's ordinary conversation is more acute and epigrammatic than that of any lady it has ever been our fortune to come across; but no one could ever mistake one of Mrs. Poyser's very best things for the utterance of one who had passed the greater part of her life under the refining influence of intellectual society. Now one of the principal characters in the present novel had grown into womanhood as a simple labourer's daughter in Devonshire, working in the fields for her daily sustenance, "stooping and straddling in the clogging furrows." Mr. Kingsley, after recounting these circumstances of her youth, draws a sad but perfectly true picture of the deteriorating influence of this style of life upon a man's physical and moral nature, and yet throughout the novel he accredits this virago with great refinement of personal beauty. But, to leave the question of her physique altogether in abeyance, we deny that such a woman, from merely living a year or two even with a duchess, and then going back to twelve more years of agricultural drudgery, could possibly have acquired and retained till the end of that period a sufficient amount of self-respect and intellectual *aplomb* to enable her, still in that degrading position, to support her part in the following extraordinary conversation with the Squire of the parish, whom she had never before spoken to, and who begins as follows:—

You stand frightened at the first sight of me, you sheep! I was saying that if my dogs ate a dozen such as you, they would not get fat. You peasantry are getting too lean even to eat, with your ten shillings a week, and your five shillings off for rent, firing, clothes' club, and the rest of it. Why don't you make a *Jacquerie* of it? You hate me and I hate you. Why don't you cut my throat, burn my house down, unless you want it for your own purposes, and subdivide my lands? Bah! you have no courage for a Saxon population. Cannot you produce a *Marat*?

It was Mrs. Sugden who answered:

You seem in one of your dark moods, Squire—that is to say, talking more nonsense than usual. You say you hate us, *cela va sans dire*. You say we hate you—that is completely untrue of us as a class—the more particularly about you, who are, with all your foolishness, the justest landlord in these parts. As I used to say to the Duchess of Cheshire, "Don't patronize these people in the way you do. Love them and trust them, and they will in some sort love and trust you. Don't be always teasing them in their own houses. They will only lie to you and hate you. Come to them sometimes as a '*Deus ex machina*' and relieve them from some temporary difficulty. You can always do that, for they are always in difficulties. You can buy them up at a pound apiece like that, whereas if you hunt and worry them, ten pounds will not make them grateful." Now, my dear Squire, what is the object of your visit?

This conversation is not a whit more unreal and impossible than many of those scattered up and down in the three volumes before us. It may even be taken as a rather favourable sample of the kind of thing which Mr. Kingsley appears to consider sprightly. No living beings could well succeed in talking in such a manner, even on the stage. It is essentially a written, and not a spoken, dialogue, a kind of talk the merest approach to which in real life earns for the speaker the unenviable reputation of talking like a book. But it may be said that in a story of perpetual movement and incident the characters should not be judged by the same strict laws of probability that are applicable to a story of still life. It is only charitable to suppose that the purveyors of modern sensationalism have, consciously or unconsciously, laid down for themselves some such canon. It would be cruel indeed to suppose that they imagine for a moment that some of the Frankensteins of their creation could, under any circumstances, live and move and have an actual fleshly existence. It is only just, therefore, to suppose that they have deliberately determined that in their novels delineation of character shall be held of small account, and complexity of plot be regarded as a sufficient substitute. But even supposing it were possible for a moment to admit of the justice of such a law, even that would hardly better Mr. Kingsley's case, for he fails even to realize the lowly ideal of a good sensational writer. There are certain

\* *Silcote of Silcotes*. By Henry Kingsley. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1867.

requirements which the productions of such writers must inevitably fulfil. Supposing that a laxity is allowed them in one direction, and that it is conceded to them to contain unfaithful and ridiculous representations of character, it is only fair that the rules of construction should be more stringently insisted upon in their case than in a simple story of life and manners. There must be no faltering or confusion in the plot; every part must fit in with every other as exactly as the different pieces of a puzzle; the author must have formed in his own mind a clear conception of a complex and interesting tale, and unfold it bit by bit to his audience with the regularity and precision of an unerring piece of machinery. Now in this story we get the key to the only secret contained in it at a comparatively early period, and the only questions of interest that arise are whether Arthur, the Oxford don who is supposed to be suffering from incurable heart disease, but whose preservation is necessary in order that he may pair off with a beautiful governess, will live; and whether Tom Silcote, the seven-foot spendthrift, whose death is a debt to propriety the non-payment of which the reader is not likely tamely to put up with, will die. The don does live, and the dragoon does die, but both events are a mere question of time and have nothing whatever to do with the mild plotting and counterplotting which have been carried on so long and so feebly by the mad Princess and the villain of the piece. And here we would observe that this latter gentleman is one of the greatest impostors ever palmed off upon the novel-reading world. He rejoices in the euphonious name of Kriegsthum, and is introduced with a tremendous fanfaronade:—

Kriegsthum was a large, powerful, and now a somewhat fat man, though still strong and active. . . . A gross, strong man, who fed gluttonously, and ruminated for an hour after meals, with his fat knees crossed, and his cunning little eyes gleaming into quick intelligence, whenever there was the least necessity for attention to outward matters. . . . Among other things he was a fortune-teller and a subsidiser of spiritual mediums. . . . He was a spy and a traitor. . . . The man's shrewdness and power were undeniable. . . . To this man Kriegsthum our old friend Silcote in after times propounded the question, "Whether or no he did not consider himself upon the whole the greatest scoundrel in Europe?" Kriegsthum laughed in his face so diabolically that Silcote stood silent and aghast with wonder and admiration.

He is subsequently called "a cunning rogue," "the most clever, unscrupulous, best-informed spy in Europe." We are told that "there was a large, liberal grandeur about his rascality which made him, without all question, the greatest rascal in Europe"; "about this man there was a broad magnificence of scoundrelism which might have taken in some statesmen, leave alone conspirators." After all this flourish we not unnaturally expect from him some piece of plotting commensurate with his character, and demand that a man of such undeniable power and desire to do mischief should at least leave his mark upon the story, even if there is no "large liberal grandeur" and "broad magnificence" to be observed in his machinations. In spite, however, of his very ostentatious villany, we do not find that he exercises any influence whatever upon the course of events. Thirty years before the story commences he had indeed forged a letter which made Squire Silcote, one of the most acute barristers of his time, believe in his wife's infidelity; and had also concealed in a room some poison which he convinced that credulous gentleman was intended by the same lady for his private consumption. He is also accredited with the murder of a postilion which has absolutely nothing whatever to do with the story. But, notwithstanding all his reputed cleverness, unscrupulousness, and energy, and the very glib and plastic nature of the persons among whom he is thrown, he effects absolutely nothing. On one occasion, indeed, he makes a purposeless and abortive attempt to procure the assassination of a schoolboy, but he chooses for his instrument a disreputable Roman with whom he is aware that the intended victim's courier, an Italian gentleman of unimpeachable honour, is personally acquainted—an oversight which of course causes the plot to be immediately and finally nipped in the bud.

Such is the mild substitute offered us in place of character-drawing. The puppets throughout are as active as fleas, but their activity leads to nothing. When the interest begins to flag, the showman knocks their heads together a little harder, and emits a squeal rather shriller than usual. And as if anything were required to add to the clumsiness of the effect, when the one catastrophe of the book has occurred and the plot is unravelled as far as it is going to be, and everything is ready for an immediate finale, it is found that the third volume is short of its due amount of "copy," and five supplementary chapters have been added, containing matter of the most conventional kind, which is just as bad a solecism in its way as it would be, in a dramatic piece, to keep all the actors grouped behind the footlights and bowing their farewells for a good half-hour after the interest of the play had culminated.

In fact, in many respects, *Silcote of Silcotes* is the very worst story that Mr. Kingsley has ever produced—the only point about it upon which we can congratulate him being that in it he has written a novel without a purpose. As long as he steers clear of that fault, there is a vivacity and good nature about him, even in his worst moments, which will always secure for him a certain amount of popularity. That there is a falling off in his powers of fun-making, which was once one of his strongest points, will be perceived from the following extract, which, taken all in all, is as favourable an one as is to be found in the book:—

So Silcote went to church with them, and they felt, at least so Mrs. Thomas said, as if they had been leading about one of Elisha's she-bears, to

dance in respectable places. But they got through with it, and the congregation were not very much scandalized, for he was the biggest landlord in those parts, and had forty thousand a year. At the Belief he sat down instead of turning to the Altar, until Mrs. Thomas poked him in the side with her Prayer-book, upon which he demanded, in a tongue perfectly audible and perfectly well understood of the people, as the Article goes, "What the dickens he had to do now?" He got into complications with his hassock, and Miss Lee's hassock, and used what his enemies said were profane oaths against footstools. He had got it into his head that it was the right thing to take an umbrella to church, and he leant his (which he had borrowed from his butler) against Miss Lee's. They fell down in the middle of the Litany, and he looked as innocent as he could, but kept one eye on the congregation and one on Miss Lee, as if to say that it was not the first time that that young woman had done it, and that you must not be too hard upon her.

#### BULWER'S HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.\*

(Second Notice.)

ON the first character in his second volume—Sir J. Mackintosh—Sir Henry Bulwer has expended great labour. His essay is the outcome of considerable reflection on a question, which doubtless often passes through the mind of every man who has taken an active part in the business of life—"What ensures success? Why do some men fail and others succeed?" There is no question which is more puzzling. Men with nearly the same characters, and quite equal talents, have entirely different careers. While some attain wealth and distinction, others fade into poverty and obscurity; and those who attempt to explain the difference of fortune often explain it wrongly, by suggesting, as the cause, peculiarities of character, which have been produced by failure, and not preceded it. It seems far-fetched to select Mackintosh as an example of failure. It can only be by persons who have at once a narrow and a worldly idea of success that he can be deemed to have failed. He did not become a Prime Minister like Canning. But we question whether, in the estimation of many sound judges, his career was not equally commensurate to his temperament and abilities. However, let Sir H. Bulwer explain in what he considers his failure to have consisted:—

There is, indeed, a class amongst mankind, a body numerous in all literary societies, who are far less valued for any precise thing they have done than according to a vague notion of what they are capable of doing. Mackintosh may be taken as a type of this class; not that he passed his life in the learned inactivity to which the resident members of our own Universities sometimes consign their intellectual powers, but which more frequently characterizes the tranquil scholars whose condition is the boast of some small German or Italian city.

But though mixing in the action of a great and stirring community, a lawyer, an author, a member of Parliament, Mackintosh never arrived at an eminence in law, in letters, or in politics, that satisfied the expectations of those who, living in his society, were impressed by his intellect and astonished at his acquirements.

Again, in summing up, our author says:—

It was not only in England, then, but also on the Continent, where his early pamphlet and distinguished friendships had made him equally known—that he ever remained the man of promise; until, amidst hopes which his vast and various information, his wonderful memory, his copious elocution, and his transitory fits of energy, still nourished, he died, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, universally admired and regretted, though without a high reputation for any one thing, or the ardent attachment of any particular set of persons.

Now we demur to this conception of "promise" and "failure"; and we do not admit the application of the theory to Sir J. Mackintosh. We can understand the boy who does wonderful Greek iambs at sixteen, or gets the Ireland Scholarship at eighteen, subsiding into obscurity for the whole of his after life, and being reproached with his failure to realize the promise of his youth. But it is strange to speak thus of a man who, emerging from the poverty of a Highland home and the medical class-room of Edinburgh, at the age of twenty-six startled the political world by championing the French Revolution against Burke, as at a later period he startled it by defending Peltier against the Government; who refused the Presidency of the Board of Control, and confessedly condescended to a judgeship at Bombay; whose historical fragments won the hearty praise of Macaulay, and whose ethical works are read by succeeding generations of students. How such a man can be styled a "man of promise" who never achieved anything, we do not comprehend. Sir H. Bulwer partly explains his meaning by contrasting the fortunes of Mackintosh with those of Spencer Perceval, who was Attorney-General when Mackintosh defended Peltier. Surely no one will compare the achievements or the fame of a cleverish Prime Minister with those of a man who left so permanent a mark as Mackintosh did on the philosophical and historical literature of his day. If the world agrees with Sir H. Bulwer in pronouncing Sir J. Mackintosh a failure, then, we fear, a moral must be deduced from the failure, quite different from that which his biographer seeks to establish. The moral will be this. Extensive reading, profound reflection, and graceful scholarship, combined with the purest integrity, fail to earn that advancement which may be attained by any man who is clever enough to be worth buying, venal enough to sell his talents, pushing enough to obtrude his claims, and implacable enough to resent the indifference or ingratitude of his partisans. Had Sir J. Mackintosh been a pushing, bustling, bitter, selfish man, with the same talents, or talents even inferior to those which he actually possessed, he might have died a Cabinet Minister. It was not

\* *Historical Characters.* By Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, G.C.B. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley.



because he was too indolent, or too refined, or too meditative, that he did not succeed better; but simply because he would not resort to the vulgar arts in vogue for puffing his own wares. When Sir H. Bulwer contrasts the success of Perceval with the failure of Mackintosh he pens an unconscious satire on the world's estimate of failure and success. How few men of high intellect are there who would not be remembered rather as Mackintosh is remembered than as Perceval!

We are grateful to Sir H. Bulwer for his record of Cobbett. In many respects Cobbett was a representative man. He was more "contentious" than the generality of Englishmen. What with his dogged obstinacy and perseverance, his defiance of difficulty, his contests with power, he was typical of many indigenous English qualities; but he superadded others to these. He had a vanity which is not common to Englishmen; and he had no principle—a defect which we hope is equally rare among them. His vanity led him to insult all opinions and prejudices which he did not happen to share at the time. During his first residence in the United States he outraged the Republican sentiment of Philadelphia by covering his shop-window with portraits of George III. He outraged it still more by libelling in the most scurrilous vein almost every popular politician in the States. As Tom Paine was an object of adoration to a certain section of the American people, the combativeness of Cobbett naturally selected him as an object of depreciation and derision. The same self-reliant antagonism to surrounding opinions led him to deride the prepossession of a large body of his countrymen in favour of the United States and their Government, by denouncing the country of his temporary adoption as "that infamous land where judges become felons and felons judges." The same egotistical contentiousness at a later period led him to turn round and abuse the sovereign and the institutions of his own country, which he had ostentatiously lauded in America; to import from America the bones of Tom Paine for the delectation of rabid Atheists and ultra-Republicans; and to celebrate as the "great enlightener of the human race" the same writer whom he had once proclaimed to be its "greatest disgrace"; to eulogize Good Queen Mary, and execrate Bloody Queen Bess; to sneer at Canning, Burdett, and Peel; and, when he had attained the goal of his life's desires, a seat in Parliament, to affront the sense of the whole House of Commons by moving a vote of censure on Sir Robert Peel for his policy in regard to the currency. His want of principle was nearly as conspicuous as his vanity. He contrived, by his influence as a public writer, to borrow money to the amount of 34,000*l.* And when, despairing of extricating himself from his difficulties, he absconded to America, he coolly informed his creditors that "as they had not resisted the persecutions from which these losses had arisen, they were in no small degree responsible for those losses, and must be prepared to share with his family the consequences."

Of his power as a writer of pure and flowing English, Cobbett is less known to the present generation than he ought to be. But it was not on his purest and simplest style—that, for instance, in which he describes the rural scenery of England—that his power was founded. It was to his command of a phraseology which combined great aptness with extreme coarseness that he owed his influence over the mass of his countrymen. Few writers could invent or adapt a nickname, or an epithet so cleverly as Cobbett. "Old Glory" stuck for life to Sir F. Burdett, his former patron and life-long creditor. "Æolus" Canning provoked frequent laughter among the illiterate politicians of the farmer's ordinary. "The Bloody Old Times" came more easily to the lips of the vulgar than any more far-fetched epithet. The following are samples of coarse vigour, the immediate effect of which must have been increased by the fact that they were penned amongst the people whom the writer so heartily blackguarded:—

"There's a fine Congress-man for you! If any d—d rascally rotten borough in the universe ever made such a choice as this (a Mr. Blair MacClenachan), you'll be bound to cut my throat, and suffer the same *cabottes* sovereigns of Philadelphia—the hob-nob snigger-sneezers of Germanstown—to kick me about in my blood till my corpse is as ugly and disgusting as their living carcases are." "Bark away, hell-hounds, till you are suffocated in your own foam." "This hatter, turned painter (Samuel F. Bradford), whose heart is as black and as foul as the liquid in which he dabbles."

"It is fair, also, to observe that this State (Pennsylvania) labours under disadvantages in one respect that no other State does. Here is precisely that climate which suits the vagabonds of Europe; here they bask in summer, and lie curled up in winter, without fear of scorching in one season, or freezing in the other. Accordingly, hither they come in shoals, just roll themselves ashore, and begin to swear and poll away as if they had been bred to the business from their infancy. She has too unhappily acquired a reputation for the mildness or rather the feebleness of her laws. There's no gallows in Pennsylvania. These glad tidings have rung through all the democratic club-rooms, all the dark assemblies of traitors, all the dungeons and cells of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Hence it is that we are overwhelmed with the refuse, the sweeping, of these kingdoms, the offal of the jail and the gibbet. Hence it is that we see so many faces that never looked comely but in the pillory, limbs that are awkward out of chains, and necks that seem made to be stretched."

It is only fair to add that his pen could be wielded for the purposes of a more delicate satire than this, as the next extract will prove:—

"Since then, Citizen Barney is become a French commodore of two frigates, and will rise probably to the rank of admiral, if contrary winds do not blow him in the way of an enemy."

Of the wonderful energy of the man a striking instance is re-

corded, during his confinement in prison, from which he directed the management of his farm every week. It is too long to extract, but will reward perusal. The whole notice of his life will impress on the mind of the reader the image of a man who had indomitable courage and perseverance, keen and rapid apprehension, great powers of composition, but a vanity and an unscrupulousness which entirely neutralized their value.

Of Mr. Canning Sir H. Bulwer justly says, that "throughout his whole life he exhibited the effects of the close borough and the public school." In modern days it would be utterly impossible for a man born in Canning's sphere of life to enter Parliament at the age he entered it. No modern constituency of 700 or 800 electors would adopt a young man of no fortune, only famed for his composition of English and Latin verse, and unable to expend ten pounds a head on hesitating voters. Nor would the patrons of such dependent boroughs as still exist go beyond their own family circle to select a member from the promising heroes of the University Union and the Class List. Canning, like Sheridan, Mackintosh, and Burke, belongs to a Parliamentary epoch which will never re-appear. With them have gone the graceful scholarship, the refined oratory, the classical allusion, and the classical idea of statesmanship which lighted up the unreformed House of Commons with a splendour unknown to its successors. Of the speakers and statesmen whom the obsolete borough system introduced into the House of Commons, none were more brilliant than Canning. But he was more than brilliant. He was as brilliant as Sheridan, with an energy, a purpose, a resolution, and an originality to which Sheridan could not lay claim. His history is an impressive example of the power of a resolute mind to win fortune to its side; for to other attributes which are conceded to him must be added that which the Romans thought one of the highest—that of Fortune. Few who heard Sheridan augur his successful *début*, and who remembered Sheridan's and Burke's careers, could have ventured to prophesy that the young man who was starting with no greater family advantages than either of those two great orators would die Prime Minister of England. An interesting account is given of the reasons which induced the young adventurer to enter the House of Commons under the auspices of Mr. Pitt rather than of the Whigs; a precocious piece of rattling which provoked the following stanza from Colonel Fitzpatrick:—

The turning of coats so common is grown  
That no one would think to attack it;  
But no case until now was so flagrantly known  
Of a schoolboy changing his jacket.

The whole course of Canning's career is interesting. We can only dwell upon one or two salient points in his life. He made himself unpopular by his witty and unfeeling advocacy of the repressive measures which were rendered necessary by the plots of the disaffected. The unity and cohesion of every nation depend upon the immediate suppression of all attempts to dissolve society; but though Canning may have been justified in defending the action of the Government, he was certainly not justified in the terms in which he ridiculed the sufferings and complaints of those whom it punished. It is worth while remembering that his devotion to Queen Caroline caused him to resign office; and that the death of Lord Londonderry prevented his being made Governor-General of India. Lord Liverpool pressed Canning's appointment as Lord Londonderry's successor. The King, irritated by his adherence to the Queen's cause, at first resisted, and only yielded at last to the Duke of Wellington's solicitations. "Two or three phrases," Sir H. Bulwer says,

Of the conversation that took place on this occasion have been repeated to me by one who was at the time the confidant of both the King and the Duke.

"Good God! Arthur, you don't mean to propose that fellow to me as Secretary for Foreign Affairs; it is impossible. I said, on my honour as a gentleman, he should never be one of my Ministers again. You hear, Arthur, on my honour as a gentleman. I am sure you will agree with me: I can't do what I said on my honour as a gentleman I would not do."

"Pardon me, sir, I don't agree with you at all; your Majesty is not a gentleman."

The King started.

"Your Majesty, I say," continued the imperturbable soldier, "is not a gentleman, but the Sovereign of England, with duties to your people far above any to yourself; and these duties render it imperative that you should at this time employ the abilities of Mr. Canning."

"Well!" drawing a long breath, "if I must, I must," was finally the King's reply.

In his new capacity Canning thwarted the reactionary policy of France and Spain; he protected Portugal; he called a New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old; he revived the influence and reputation of England on the Continent. He recalled that national pride and courage which the elder Pitt had signally inspired. He gained a great popularity for himself, and when he died Prime Minister, he was the most popular Prime Minister of modern days. Of the management by which he conquered the King's aversion, of the negotiation with the Duke of Wellington, and of the effects of Lord Grey's attack, we have not space to speak. We regret that this interesting biography is not better illustrated by the landmarks of dates. And we take this opportunity of pointing out one or two strange mistakes on the part of so accomplished a writer. How could Sir H. Bulwer, in quoting Canning's well-known *Sapphics*, commit the two following errors? The second verse, instead of beginning with "Weary knife-grinder" (words essential to the metre), is headed with

them, as if the knife-grinder was speaking them. Another stanza concludes thus :—

Justice Aldmixon put me in the parish stocks  
For a vagrant ;

which is according to no known metre. Finally, "I give thee sixpence! I'll see thee damned first," is equally contrary to prosody. These are small blemishes it is true, but they mar the completeness of the work, and suggest the (doubtless erroneous) belief that Sir H. Bulwer does not know what Sapphics are.

#### CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.—FOREIGN SERIES.\*

THE fourth volume of Mr. Stevenson's Calendar of State Papers of the Foreign Series of Elizabeth's reign extends, like the three preceding volumes, to about seven hundred pages, but it reaches no further than to the end of April, 1562. That is to say, the four volumes together embrace a period of less than three years and six months; and if the Calendar proceeds at the same rate, the whole of the reign will not be comprised in less than fifty volumes, so that we can hardly expect that Mr. Stevenson, energetic and industrious as he is, will live long enough to complete his work. It has always seemed to us that there is an unfortunate want of uniformity in the mode in which this series of works under the superintendence of the Master of the Rolls has been produced. A comparison of the contents of the present volume with the corresponding period of time in Mr. Lemon's Calendar of Domestic Papers will exhibit in full relief the fault of which we are complaining. The number of pages occupied by the Domestic Papers of the fourteen months over which this large volume extends is just twenty-eight, and, as may be supposed from the amount of space allotted to the description of the documents, the Calendar contains nothing but the barest outline of their contents, with the addition of the name of the writer and the person addressed, together with the date of the letter or despatch. Now, whatever opinion may be formed as to the desirableness of compression on the one hand or of historical detail on the other, there can be no doubt that the comparison of the modes in which the Foreign and Domestic Papers have been respectively calendared exhibits a variety in the execution which is absolutely ludicrous when the books are regarded as parts of one series. If this discrepancy was unavoidable in the first instance, yet a very few years' experience would have been enough to remedy the evil, and a very slight superintendence exercised over the different editors would have brought the series into a tolerable degree of harmony. We do not scruple to avow our own opinion that in such a work prolixity is better than compression. But in saying this we do not at all mean to express entire approval of Mr. Stevenson's method as distinguished from Mr. Lemon's. On the contrary, in the interest of future historians of the reign, we would express an earnest wish that Mr. Stevenson could be induced to shorten his analyses considerably, so as to enable us to entertain the hope that the latter years of Elizabeth's reign may not have to be entrusted to less competent hands. We observe that the remainder of the home series of the reign from the year 1561 has been assigned to Mrs. Everett Green; we hope with instructions to enlarge the description of the documents to such an extent as may save the historian from the necessity of having recourse to the originals, except in rare cases of private or personal history. This advantage, we think, might be secured without extending the epitome of a document to the length which Mr. Stevenson appears to think desirable. If we were obliged to name a standard which offends in neither direction we should be inclined to fix on Mr. Brewer's Calendar of Henry VIII.'s reign, or Mr. Turnbull's of the two succeeding reigns, as models which entirely meet our notions.

In one respect the Calendar of the fourth year of Elizabeth presents an improvement on the three preceding volumes. The preface has been cut down from sixty to about a dozen pages. The editor has probably become weary of writing prefaces for a history of European politics which ranges only over a few months, and we hope to see a still further reduction in this department by their total omission, until the changes consequent on the lapse of some years of history afford a resting point from which the editor may take a more comprehensive survey of the bearing of English affairs on the politics of Europe. As it is, we think it is only in deference to precedent, and as it were unwillingly, that Mr. Stevenson has been induced to write any preface at all. He has attempted a description of the style of the three principal correspondents of Cecil, which is as just as it is discriminating, but which might very well have been left for the attentive reader to discover for himself. The remark which we make as regards the preface we would extend also to the index. It will be a wearisome task some few years hence to look for a single name in twenty or thirty indices to successive years. And we can only venture to hope that, if we should live to see the reign of Elizabeth completed, there may be a distinct volume added which shall consist wholly of all these indices fused into one mass.

\* *Calendar of State Papers.—Foreign Series of the Reign of Elizabeth, 1561–1562.* Preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office. Edited by Joseph Stevenson, M.A., of University College, Durham; under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

We are glad to see that Mr. Stevenson has not confined his attention to documents which are commonly classed as belonging to the Foreign Series. He has included many documents which would usually have been considered to belong to the Domestic Series. Indeed he has in some cases so completely overstepped his province as to have included papers which have already been chronicled in the Domestic Series. There are two very interesting documents which have reference to the last attempt made to establish diplomatic relations between Rome and England. Mr. Lemon had simply entered them as follows :—

May 1. Consultation at Greenwich held by the Queen's command relative to a request by the Spanish Ambassador that Abbot Martinengo, Nuncio from the Pope, who has arrived at Brussels, might come with letters from the Pope and other Princes to the Queen.

May 5. Answer to the Spanish Ambassador refusing to admit the Abbot Martinengo, the Papal Nuncio, into the realm.

Now the two documents together occupy, in Mr. Stevenson's volume, just three pages. We have no fault to find with Mr. Lemon's description, which is correct. But it is evident that the only use of such an entry is to point out to the historical inquirer where he will find the intelligence he wants. Nor, in this particular instance, do we object to the length of Mr. Stevenson's analysis. The importance of the document is so great that we should have been glad to see the *ipsissima verba* of the debate which ended in the unanimous rejection, on the part of the Queen's advisers, of the Papal overture.

It will be seen then that, of the two methods of calendaring adopted by these editors respectively, we give a decided preference to that which describes the contents of the document over that which merely gives, as it were, its name and endorsement. Mr. Lemon's is a good index, and no more. Mr. Stevenson always supplies us with an accurate abridgement; neither have we any desire to find fault with the length to which his epitomes sometimes extend, except on the ground which we have already stated, that the amount of matter to be referred to will be too cumbrous for use.

We are not reviewing Mr. Lemon's Calendar, but the existence of these two documents in both the volumes enables us to draw out another contrast between the two editors. Mr. Lemon has omitted to notice the MS. copy of the first of these papers in the Cotton Library; nor has he alluded to the fact that it has been twice printed. Mr. Stevenson, who possesses a prodigious knowledge of the repositories of MSS. as well as of printed books, never misses an opportunity of telling his readers where another copy of any given document is to be found. The "Reception of the Abbot Martinengo" has twice been printed, first in Hardwick's State Papers, and more lately in the appendix to Tierney's edition of *Dodd's Ecclesiastical History*. Considering the importance of the document, it is very remarkable that so little notice should have been taken of it, and that the nature of the Pope's overture, and the reply to it, should have been so misunderstood by historians. Strype seems clumsily to confuse it with the mission of Parpaglia; and Burnet, who speaks of both missions, gives a description of the Pope's overtures for which there neither is nor could be any documentary evidence, for it is absolutely false. In the teeth of the evidence of the Pope's letter—which, though it had been printed by Camden, he had probably never taken the trouble to read—he states that the Pope offered to annul the sentence against the marriage of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, and to confirm the English service and the use of the Sacrament in both kinds. Collier—who was better informed, and who inserted a translation of the letter in his History, with its proper date, May 5, 1560—makes no comment upon it, leaving its cautious generalities to speak for themselves. Yet when he comes to speak of the second mission of the Abbot Martinengo, exactly a year later, he asserts, without giving any authority for the statement, that among the smooth contents of the Pope's letter there was an offer made to the effect that, if the Queen would send either bishops or ambassadors to the Council of Trent, he did not doubt he should give them such satisfaction as might open a way to a further accommodation. Whether Collier meant that the Pope would recognise Elizabeth's bishops may be open to question, but undoubtedly the Pope himself never intended to receive them in that capacity, even if he wished to allow the Queen to suppose that that was his intention. The recent editor of *Dodd's Church History* was better acquainted with the facts of the case, and has printed at length, in the Appendix to his second volume, the identical document which Mr. Stevenson has so minutely analysed. From this it will be seen that one of the objections raised against the proposal by the Queen's Ministers was that no others besides those already sworn to the maintenance of the Pope's authority would have any decisive voice at the Council. In a note appended to this document Mr. Tierney says that an answer containing the substance of the above paper, dated on the same day, was delivered to the Spanish Ambassador, and is, with the preceding, in the State Paper Office. And here we see the advantage of such a Calendar as Mr. Stevenson is engaged upon. Mr. Lemon's entry enables us to correct the comparatively unimportant error of the date, for it was not until four days after the consultation that the answer was given to the Spanish Ambassador. But any one who refers to Mr. Stevenson's analysis will at once see that the answer to the Bishop of Aquila is very inadequately described as a summary of the consultation held four days before. The answer is most carefully written, and as many as eight copies in three different languages have



been preserved. But it contains an important paragraph on a subject to which no allusion, as it appears, was made at the consultation—namely, that the Queen would receive through the Spanish Ambassador's hands any letters which the Nuncio might have brought from the Emperor or other princes. As regards the assembling of the General Council, the Queen expresses herself as well inclined to such Council if summoned by the consent of all Christian Powers, and Throckmorton was directed, by another despatch written on the following day, to communicate this her judgment to those whom it might concern. On the other hand, a copy of the reply was sent to Mundt, to be shown to the Count Palatine, with the Queen's assurance that "it is her full purpose to persist in the maintenance of the honour of God by upholding the sincerity of the Gospel according to the good meaning of the Confession of Augusta."

This was the last open attempt at negotiation, but we learn from other parts of the volume that there were other semi-official overtures made to the Queen. And indeed we think no history that has yet been written has attached sufficient importance to the attitude which England assumed, or was thought at the time to assume, towards the Pope and the Protestant Princes of Germany. There is a most important distinction to be observed between the two missions of a Nuncio, though there is only a year's interval between them; for in that interval the Bull for the reassembling of the Council of Trent had been issued. The date of the Bull is November 29, 1560. And the most remarkable circumstance connected with the mission of the Abbot Martinengo is the great interest felt in the matter at foreign Courts, and the extreme doubts that prevailed both as to the nature of the answer which would be given and as to the probabilities of the Nuncio being allowed to enter the kingdom. Even Throckmorton seems to have been in entire suspense as to what was likely to be the result.

As to this the last open attempt to renew diplomatic relations between Rome and England, the information comes to us in the regular way through the letters and despatches of those who were directly concerned in the transactions. Throughout the rest of the period referred to in this volume we are indebted to indirect sources for most of the information which we gain upon Italian affairs. We have at intervals intelligence from Italy, endorsed in Cecil's hand, showing how carefully he kept watch over foreign affairs. And these are occasionally supplemented by information which arrived from Venice through John Shears, a London merchant, who appears to have left Venice about May, 1561, and arranged for a weekly packet of intelligence to be forwarded to him. From these we learn the history of the gradual congregation of Spanish, French, and Portuguese prelates at Trent. But as the volume closes with the end of April, 1562, we have only intelligence of the first two sessions of the newly-assembled Council—on the 18th of January and the 26th of February, 1562. The intelligence of the proceedings reached Cecil very soon after they had taken place. But there is one point which we profess our inability to elucidate. At the opening of the Council it is said by the Intelligencer that the Bishop of Coimbra preached. Now Suarez, Bishop of Coimbra, was certainly present at the Council at its first opening, and spoke as representative of the Archbishop of Braga; but both Pallavicini and Father Paul agree that the sermon was preached by the Archbishop of Regio, who took for his subject the relation of the Church to Scripture as being the living interpreter of the written document. The Intelligencer, however, is precise both as to the person who preached and the subject of his sermon, which, he says, was the method of reforming both laity and clergy.

The volume, which is upon the whole somewhat dull, is considerably redeemed by the little notices that recur from time to time as to the anxiety felt about Elizabeth's attitude towards the Council of Trent. As late as the middle of February, 1562, we find the Cardinal of Ferrara thinking it worth his while to interfere to recommend the Queen to retain the cross and the candles on her altar, which the Puritan party were urging her to get rid of. And in the same letter Throckmorton informs Cecil that the Cardinal had again applied to the Bishop of Aquila to attempt to induce the Queen to send her clergy to the General Council, and through them acknowledge her obedience to the see of Rome. And even as late as the 6th of March, 1562, the request to send ambassadors to the Council was renewed by the Bishop of Aquila to Throckmorton.

We have only space for one more notice. Guido Giannetti, in a letter to Cecil, mentions Goldwell, Bishop of St. Asaph, as being the only English prelate present at the Council. The Queen, in noticing the fact of Goldwell's presence, observes that he was "a very simple and fond man," named by Mary to the bishopric of St. Asaph, but never admitted thereto, and that he had probably gone in the train of some cardinal. But here Cecil and the Queen made a singular mistake, for Goldwell appears in the signatures to the Council of Trent as Bishop of St. Asaph. He had been consecrated in 1555, and the design of his translation to Oxford in 1558 was interrupted by the death of Mary and his own subsequent voluntary exile.

#### COOKERY BOOKS.\*

IT is with strange feelings that we fathom, by the revelations of cookery books, the mystery of soups and sauces and made dishes. A preceptor of bygone days, as fond of good dinners as of good scholars, used to vaunt his knowledge of a pheasant on the table and his ignorance of its appearance and guise in its native woods. In like manner most unprofessional folks are wont to judge of cookery by results, and to regard preliminary operations in the same light as Greek or Hebrew. The influx therefore, at one swoop, of two English cookery-books, and of a French one as large and twice as important as both the English manuals together, may naturally cause a mixed sensation to the reviewer—of misgiving, lest admission behind the scenes should spoil his Christmas dinners, and knowledge, as in other cases, be attended with bitter fruit; and of curiosity to learn the utmost of those culinary secrets which are supposed to bear so much on man's health and happiness. No doubt the authors of cookery-books assume that no mistress of a family ought to be without intimate knowledge of the principles and practice of the *cuisine*, and, if the fact were so, all ignorance might be easily dispelled by a cabinet council with one's wife and sisters or daughters. But, although one of the English authorities before us pronounces that young ladies released from the school-room should at once be put through a theoretical and practical course of cookery, and the other recommends that "where there are young daughters the kitchen should become an academy" where the mother may lecture on the *cuisine* generally, and on chemistry as developed in pickling and preserving more particularly, it needs no extraordinary amount of observation in "paterfamilias" to foresee a difficulty in keeping his cook in these latter days, if her precincts are to be daily invaded for mamma's illustration of her theories of making soup, and the mental improvement of the daughters of England among the jam-pots. Theoretically, no doubt, all ought to be as it was in the days of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, who, when the master of the house had satisfied himself at his butcher's, poulterer's, and fishmonger's, of the "amaranthine" hue of the beef, the smoothness of the fowl's leg, and the brightness so indispensable in the turbot's eye, were perfectly up to cooking what he sent home. But things are settled nowadays on the "solvitur ambulando" principle; and we may expect, but shall not get beyond expecting, that, as a rule, young ladies will be got to cook filets-de-bœuf, and braised fowls, as much as that gentlemen will walk to their fishmonger's, and ascertain whether the venison is high or not "by running a skewer into the shoulder."

Probably, however, though English ladies are below par in the capacity to take the command of the *cuisine*, and on an emergency to turn out a first-rate dinner, the brides of whom Mrs. Jewry tells that one rang the changes of the honeymoon repasts "on pork-chops, mutton-chops, and beef-steaks," while another ordered "soles and shoulders of mutton" *ad infinitum*, are after all exceptional; and it would be doing the majority of our ladies some wrong to suppose them indifferent to any additional light that can be thrown on the subject. Though they may not much affect those of the opposite sex who are thorough gourmards, experience teaches that they are ready to bestow a laudable attention upon any hints as to making the average domestic Englishman fairly and rationally comfortable. It becomes therefore a duty to examine, on their behalf, the works before us, and to assist, if it may be, in appraising manuals whereby to "make their future home a home of happiness" (*New Cookery Book*, p. 4).

It is fortunate perhaps for Mrs. Bowman and Mrs. Jewry that the able and sumptuous work of their French rival, M. Gouffé, is, through the difference between the French decimal system of weights and measures and our own, unsuited in its untranslated form for the use of amateurs or professional cooks in this country. By the time these ladies achieve a second edition, we make no doubt that the enterprise of English publishers will have secured an exact interpretation of the "litres, décalitres, and hectolitres" which make M. Gouffé's book, in one of its main features, a sealed book to English readers; and that thus an opportunity will be afforded of imparting to English recipes—which, it strikes us, are often only approximately circumstantial—the exactitude as to time, weights, and measurements of that eminent "officier de bouche." Cookery is a science based on traditions, oral and written; and the shades, no doubt, of Mrs. Glasse and Dr. Kitchener regard the use which their successors make of their researches with no less complacency than would be expected of the politeness and good digestion of the French artist, should his philosophical treatise on gastronomy serve as material for the improvement of kindred English handbooks. And truly, though his courtesy might bid him waive his claims of superiority when ladies are in the case, M. Gouffé's name stands, as compared with recent English or French "cooks' oracles," on a pinnacle unapproachable. The brother of Alphonse Gouffé, *chef de cuisine* for the last twenty-five years to Queen Victoria, and of Hippolyte, who has fulfilled the like functions for the same period to Count

\* *Le Livre de Cuisine*. Par Jules Gouffé. Paris: L. Hachette et Cie. 1867.

*The New Cookery Book*. By Anne Bowman. London: Routledge & Sons. 1867.

*The Model Cookery and Housekeeping Book*. By Mary Jewry. London: Warne & Co. 1868.

André Schouvaloff, had in his younger days the advantage of sitting at the feet of the famous Loyer, and of perfecting himself in pastry under the illustrious Carême. With the enthusiasm of his nation, M. Jules Gouffé evidently idolizes his art; and it is as much to this, and to his daily habit of conferring with the most eminent contemporary practitioners of "la jeune cuisine," of whom all are his friends and many his old pupils, as to any innate self-sufficiency, that we attribute the very pronounced character of his recipes and general *dicta* in the magnificent volume of the Messrs. Hachette. Beside him, the ladies whose works we group with his give a comparatively uncertain sound, although we are far from saying that they do not mark an age of progress in English cookery. The Frenchman confines his treatise within distinct limits. He relegates the making of sausage-meat to the pork-butcher, and does not seem to have considered the question of carving as coming within his province; whereas, mindful alike of English practice and of the current suspicions in English breasts, Mrs. Bowman and Mrs. Jewry furnish recipes for making at home the sausages which "you ought never to buy but of a very respectable butcher," and devote very useful sections to the carving question. Both appear to us seasonable topics, and though we would much rather that Mrs. Jewry would not talk about "assisting gravy," her manual, as well as that of Mrs. Bowman, contains very good pieces of advice to young carvers. The latter lady notices the improved mode of carving a saddle of mutton "across the grain," so as to cut obliquely lean and fat, beginning near the tail; and she deserves our good word for hinting that, in carving woodcocks, every guest should have as part of his portion the "thigh or the back, with some of the toast on which the bird is served." We like her ideas, too, about carving turkey, better than those of her fair competitor for the culinary wreath. Mrs. Jewry, after premising that in no case is skilful carving more needful than in carving roast turkey, adds:—

You will commence by carving alices from each side the breast in the same direction as the lines marked in the engraving. . . . Then remove the legs, dividing the thighs from the drumsticks, and here an instrument called a "disjoiner" will be found serviceable, for unless the turkey is very young and the union of the joints very accurately taken, carving becomes difficult; the disjoiner effects the separation at once, and it possesses also the advantage of enabling the carver to divide a thigh in two, thus permitting a less bulky portion to be served.

But does Mrs. Jewry suppose the number of one's guests to be legion, that she contemplates helping drumsticks, or does she imagine that any guest in his senses would not anticipate the call for a "disjoiner" by a timely "No, thank you"? Mrs. Bowman is more reasonable and more specific. She gives the trite yet golden hint, to begin carving the breast "close to the wing," and adds, "the legs of a turkey may be separated in the same way as the legs of a goose, and the upper part of the leg helped." May we ever dine off turkey carved "à la Bowman"?

On the subject of "marketing," naturally dwelt upon by all three writers, English readers will be least prepared for the remarks of M. Gouffé, although they are explained by the custom of Parisian cooks, which differs herein from our own. An English caterer for his own or his master's table would occasionally find himself "out in the cold," if, as M. Gouffé advises, he never stuck to one butcher or fishmonger, if he smelt and handled all fish, flesh, and game; and, suspecting all tradesmen of being always on the look-out to cheat, disguised his mistrust by an obsequious politeness. In Rome, no doubt, one should do as Rome does, and certainly the chromolithographs with which this author assists the incipient marketer admirably illustrate his sagacious and suggestive hints. Both Mrs. Bowman and Mrs. Jewry are full and minute touching these points; and, as to the signs and tokens of good and bad meat, fowl, and fish, mainly in accord with each other, and with their Continental rival. But on other points this is not always the case, and, where not, reason and plain sense are generally found with M. Gouffé. His guide is a simplicity of taste which bespeaks a master and lover of his craft. Although quite alive, for example, to the importance of stuffings and forcements (*les farces*) in all cookery, he says plainly that they should be sparingly resorted to, because the *cuisine* should, even in its choicest products, maintain a simple and natural character. It is significant, after reading this dictum, to find no recipe in his volume (though one-half of it is devoted to the feasts of kings and princes, potentates and millionaires) for such a dish as "pheasant à la belle alliance," the *ne plus ultra* of Mrs. Jewry's modes of dressing this bird. It is nothing less than to chop, mince, and pound the flesh of two woodcocks and four snipes, and of these, with some mixed herbs and half a bottle of truffles, to compound a stuffing for the pheasant, which is then laid on a spit, basted with sherry, and served on toast, with chopped truffles and the trails of woodcocks and snipes. We suspect that M. Gouffé would hold this to be a sin against simplicity. Certainly Mr. Walker, the aristologist of the *Original*, would have repudiated, as do we, this fusion of two good things into one, whereby indisputably a twofold satisfaction is halved. The mention of sherry leads us to another common-sense dictum of M. Gouffé, that so good a fish as turbot need never swim in wine or milk when being cooked, but is far best in its own brine. And yet, according to Mrs. Bowman—and Mrs. Jewry agrees with her in principle—"baked turbot à la Parisienne requires a bottle of Madeira or sherry to be poured over it in the cooking." It is true the first-named lady gives this as an alternative recipe

only; but, independently of the lucid view of M. Gouffé, we venture to think that it would be a sin against the Madeira so unnaturally to misuse it. There is not so much of it, really good, to be found even *divitum mensis*, as to justify its being used to float a whole fish, instead of contributing in modest proportions to wash down individual fragments thereof. While speaking of turbot, we may note that the Frenchman's notions are decidedly adverse to the innovation of modern epicures, who would have the fish dished with the back, or dark side, uppermost, because of the fancied superiority of that side. Mrs. Jewry mentions this fashion, and gives an illustration of a turbot thus sent up, though she does not advocate it. M. Gouffé's sentence, "Le côté blanc du turbot toujours en dessus," will approve itself to sensible people, and an epicure can at all times make interest for a piece of the side he prefers. Common sense and good taste, too, dictate that such a fish should stand on its own merits, and not be disguised by ornaments—"le mieux est de le laisser avec sa physionomie naturelle." For a good many recipes for dressing the larger fresh-water fish—carp, tench, pike—it is inevitable that wine should be required. Old Isaac Walton said truly that "pond-fish are cooked with some trouble and charges," as indeed it would seem from Mrs. Jewry's recipes for "mâtélot de carpe," and "mâtélot de carpe à la marinère." But it is remarkable how careful the eminent French cook is that wine shall not enter, even here, without need, into his compounds; and that, where needed, it shall be used in moderation, and without extravagance. Laying down as a rule, "vous ne ferez jamais de bonne cuisine avec des vins usés et de qualité inférieure," he is at pains to explain that all he requires is good average red and white wines, and to condemn the charlatanism of those who in their recipes insist on Château-Laffite, Clos-Vougeot, Tokay, and Johannisberg, "comme si ces vins ne coûtaient rien et pouvaient impunément couler à flots dans les casseroles." Hare-soup "à l'Anglaise," according to Mrs. Bowman, has always a minimum of two glasses of port in it. Mrs. Jewry prescribes a tumbler. But some, says the first-named lady, prefer a whole bottle of port or Madeira, with three instead of four quarts of stock. Here M. Gouffé advocates, it is true, the maximum quantity—a bottle. But then the wine that he recommends is only Bordeaux.

One of this great artist's antipathies is "an old fowl" (*jamais de vieilles volailles*), with which he insists that nothing can possibly be done, and that, even if it is put into the "pot-au-feu," it communicates to all around it "une mauvaise odeur de poulailler"; and to this he recurs continually in his volume. But to judge by English unwritten and written experience, the line is not drawn so stringently, nor need it be, with us. Experienced housekeepers say that an old fowl enters successfully into the composition of mulligatawny soup; and most of us have often partaken of "old fowl" in white soup, without detecting any savour of poultry-house or hen-coop. Mrs. Bowman begins her recipe for the Scotch soup, "cock-a-leekie," by putting "a large old fowl into a stew-pan." What would M. Gouffé say? Mrs. Jewry, on the same topic, is not exacting as to the fowl's age; nay, she even says fowl may be dispensed with, and lean veal substituted. But how then, we would ask, can it any longer be "cock-a-leekie"?

The curiosities of cookery literature might be illustrated by English and French recipes for "poulets à la Marengo," which—though, as Mrs. Jewry tells us, originally extemporized for the first Napoleon—would ill suit the English palate, with its dislike to oil; or by Mrs. Bowman's account of the ancient mode of skinning without feathering the peafowl, and after roasting, restoring it to its skin, and duly serving "pauvre revêtu." We have heard of this process being capped at a French château, where a fawn was sent to table after the very same process of re-investment. And any one who is so minded can gather from all three books useful hints how to stuff a roast turkey with oysters (an equally excellent way, we may remark, of treating pheasants likewise), how to make an Irish stew, or even to cook that far from despicable dish, hashed mutton. One often hears that good melted butter is the grand criterion of a good cook. Mrs. Jewry gives no less than five recipes, besides a sixth for "French melted butter," which contains two yolks of eggs and a squeeze of lemon. With such melted butter Mrs. Bowman has evidently no patience; and M. Gouffé, ignoring the French fashion so-called, banishes the very idea of eggs from among the ingredients of "beurre fondu," and his *sauce au beurre*. And his hint, "pas de cuisine possible avec des beurres doux," is truly invaluable. So, indeed, are numberless other hints up and down his volume, which might well serve as golden maxims to every cook and housekeeper. The drawback of alien weights and measures may, as we have said, diminish the utility of M. Gouffé's recipes, which are unintelligible to such as have not learned and mastered their French "tables"; so that herein the English cookery-books do not suffer a total eclipse. But in his general hints on cleanliness, and punctuality, and cheerful making the best of things, he enforces, with unrivalled point and directness, truths by which every grade of his profession in this country might benefit. If English cooks would lay to heart his saying that "le cuisinier sans exactitude ne sera jamais un véritable cuisinier," and the arguments wherewith he recommends the practice of being before rather than behind-hand in preparing for dinner, there would be fewer sufferers from that acute disorder, most frequent during certain moments before dinner, which Dr. Marshall Hall used to call "the temper disease." Unfeigned cause would there



be, too, for rejoicing if the race of English cooks could be inoculated with the equanimity which, by precept and example, M. Gouffé urges upon his confrères. "Il faut, dans bien des occasions, savoir se contenter de ce qu'on trouve."

We have given reasons why it would be useless to quote samples of this great artist's recipes, though there is a tempting one of the "grande mâtéote pour relève," which chromolithographer and "cuisinier" have vied with each other in realizing to the mind and eye. We content ourselves with one of exceptional simplicity, as likely to appeal at once to the nationality of our readers, as well as to their love of the unadorned and wholesome. "Le bifteck à l'anglaise," says M. Gouffé with a triumph of conciseness, "se sert sans beurre et sans sauce, tout-à-fait au naturel."

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE name of Madame de Pompadour is identified with one of the most deplorable epochs in the whole range of French history. The indolent and effete prince whose *sobriquet* of *Le bien aimé* seems like a cruel piece of irony had no strength of purpose, no vigour of mind. Far from leaving his impress upon the age in which he lived, far from guiding the course of events, and making his power to be felt for the good of his subjects, Louis XV. was constantly the sport of unworthy intrigues; in the hands of his mistresses and his courtiers he allowed himself to be bent and moulded like the ductile piece of metal on the blacksmith's anvil. His reign comprises those of Madame de Mailly, Madame de Châteauroux, Madame de Pompadour, and La Dubarry; at a time when French society was undergoing a steady process of disorganization, and when a firm and enlightened Government was more than ever necessary, the sceptre had fallen into the mud, and absolutism served as a sanction for vices of every kind. M. Campardon explains very well \* the difference which existed between Madame de Pompadour's sway and that of the other ladies who preceded her in the high favour she enjoyed at Court. Her ruling passion was love of power, and no means were neglected by her to secure that object. If she gave her patronage to literary men, philosophers, and artists, it was because she saw that the prestige of the pen was every day gaining ground, and that public opinion must be taken into serious account. In politics she adopted the quasi-liberal side, procured the expulsion of the Jesuits, and supported the administration of the Duke de Choiseul; and rather than lose her hold upon the monarch, she created the *Parc-aux-cerfs*, and thus gave herself rivals from whom she had nothing to dread. In preparing his volume, M. Campardon has taken care to consult the numerous documents, both published and unpublished, which are scattered throughout the various libraries and art-collections of Europe, and he has thus been able to print several *inédites* pieces of the most interesting kind. Amongst other curious memoranda, we remark a catalogue of the pictures, drawings, and engravings which were sold after the death of the Marchioness, and a list of the articles of *virtu* belonging to her brother, the Marquis de Marigny; a beautiful portrait of Madame de Pompadour, engraved from the well-known pastel, and a facsimile of her handwriting, have also been added. The volume is completed by a copious index.

M. Arsène Houssaye, as we have already more than once said, is the true poet of the French eighteenth century. He knows intimately all the details of that epoch; one would think he had lived in the company of Voltaire, Diderot, or Crébillon the younger, at the feet of those questionable deities who, either at Court or at the opera, repeated the King's famous phrase *après moi le déluge*, and acted accordingly; though perhaps it is more charitable to hope that, if he had really been a contemporary of Voltaire, he would have found less to admire in the men of that age than he does now. Distance, we know, lends enchantment to the view, and the heroines of Boucher and Fragonard who seem so attractive through the vista of a hundred years would probably have appeared to him, as they did to all true-hearted persons, positively disgusting. However, we must take M. Arsène Houssaye as we find him—the patient and enthusiastic chronicler of the eighteenth century. Whether in his poems he sings of youth and of love, or whether he attempts to translate Theocritus, his muse is the one which was so fashionable during the reign of Louis XV., and which stalked about highly rouged and dressed in hoop-petticoats. That is why the present splendid volume, entitled *La Symphonie des Vingt Ans*†, containing M. Arsène Houssaye's poems, fails to attract us, in spite of the artistic manner in which it is got up. The author's preface is an amusing specimen of the *style précieux* which Molière did not, alas! succeed in laughing down, and the *testimonia* which M. Houssaye has collected from the various *feuilletons* of the French newspapers illustrate in a curious manner the history of literature at the present time.

M. Emmanuel de Lerne has published, under the title *Reines Légitimes et Reines d'Aventure*‡, a volume of sketches which might have been allowed to pass unnoticed were it not that here again we find ourselves in company with M. Arsène Houssaye. It

seems that for this gentleman the *demi-monde* has charms of a peculiar description, and that he cannot deny himself the pleasure of saying a word of the *Reines d'Aventure* whenever an opportunity offers. The dialogue *des Mortes sur les Vivantes*, which he has added by way of preface to the book before us, is perhaps the bitterest satire on women that the French press of the last few years has produced. Ninon de Lenclos, Madame de Montespan, Gabrielle d'Estrées, and other ladies of the same description, are introduced, calumniating their sex in a style which the greatest misogynist would, we hope, cordially disavow. As for the volume itself, it is merely a series of very poor sketches arranged according to a plan which we do not quite understand. The title, too, seems badly selected, for a *Reine d'Aventure* is not easily distinguished from an *aventurière*, and we must protest altogether against the gifted and high-minded Christine de Pisan being confounded with frail beauties such as Madame de La Vallière or Ninon de Lenclos.

In the year 1827 the celebrated Champollion submitted to the King of France the plan of a scientific journey in Egypt. The monuments of that country were then beginning to be known\*, and through the discoveries made in the science of deciphering hieroglyphics, the annals of one of the greatest nations in the world were gradually unfolding themselves. It was obvious, however, that such studies must be prosecuted on the spot, and that the first requisite was a careful examination of the gigantic ruins which are still standing at Thebes and other places. M. Champollion's suggestions met with the encouragement they deserved, and consequently the accomplished *savant* was enabled to undertake, during the years 1828 and 1829, a journey throughout Egypt and Nubia. Forty years have, of course, added much to our stock of knowledge respecting the history of those countries, and having the works of Bunsen, Lepsius, and Sir H. Rawlinson before us, we can carry out our inquiries with an amount of certainty which we did not possess in Champollion's days; but still we should not forget the services rendered by the pioneers of science, and, notwithstanding the advance made by recent Egyptologists, the letters of Champollion are still valuable on account of their accuracy and their interesting character. They were originally published in the *Moniteur*; collected afterwards and issued in the shape of a volume, they created a great sensation and were soon out of print. The present edition is due to the care of M. Cléronnet-Champollion, son of the French antiquary.

M. de Sauley's new book† may be considered as the sequel to the history of the siege of Jerusalem which we noticed a few months ago. By his personal researches in the Holy Land, M. de Sauley is peculiarly fitted for the difficult task of relating the stirring narrative of Jewish history during the times which followed the Roman occupation. There are not many persons, even amongst those who study sacred history, that can boast of having read Josephus in the original; it is for them that M. de Sauley has written the series of monographs now in course of publication, and the evident enthusiasm with which he pores over the pages of the historian transforms for him into a labour of love what would for others be rather tedious. The author begins by sketching the sad downfall of the Asmoneans, in order the better to make us understand the causes which brought about the destruction of the Jewish nationality. He then relates in detail the history of Herod, to whom, as he believes, the surname of *Great* has been most inappropriately given. M. de Sauley, whilst taking Josephus for his guide, does not fail in several places to point out occasional inaccuracies. He has also, here and there, compared the evidence supplied by his author with that which we find in Strabo, Macrobius, and other historians. The localities mentioned by Josephus are identified, and curious quotations from Talmudic commentaries are plentifully introduced for the purpose of illustrating the text. Finally, a description of the coins struck by Antigonus and Herod is given in a distinct appendix. If M. de Sauley had added an alphabetical index, his volume would be still more valuable.

M. Athanase Coquerel *filz*‡ is just now the *bête noire* of Protestant orthodoxy in France. He occupies amongst our neighbours pretty much the same position which Dr. Colenso holds here, and he is considered as the principal champion of the Radical party. The volume of essays which M. Coquerel has just published, embracing as it does sketches of a merely historical character, together with literary critiques and philosophical disquisitions, reflects necessarily the author's intellectual and religious predilections. The *Histoire d'une Rue de Paris* is a very interesting contribution to the History of the French Protestants, and was read two years ago at the anniversary meeting of the *Société du Protestantisme Français*. We have next a very complete and lucid article on the Reformation, composed by M. Coquerel for M. Maurice Block's *Dictionnaire de la Politique*. The meaning of the word "Reformation" is first defined; it is then limited to the great movement which Luther and Calvin commenced; the history of Protestantism and of its various results is next given; and finally, M. Coquerel lays down the proposition that, religion being necessarily progressive, the Protestant movement of the sixteenth century cannot be regarded as

\* *Madame de Pompadour et la Cour de Louis XV.* Par Émile Campardon. Paris: Plon.

† *La Symphonie des Vingt Ans.* Par Arsène Houssaye. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Reines Légitimes et Reines d'Aventure.* Par Em. de Lerne. Paris: Plon.

\* *Lettres Écrites d'Égypte et de Nubie.* Par Champollion le Jeune. Paris: Didier.

† *Histoire d'Herode, Roi des Juifs.* Par M. de Sauley. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Libres Études.* Par Athanase Coquerel *filz*. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

having for ever determined the nature and conditions of orthodox Christianity. A series of papers on the history of Judaism, and an excellent biographical sketch of the late Baron de Bunsen, deserve also to be noticed. *A propos* of Augustine du Fossé, M. Coquerel shows the intimate connexion which existed between the Jansenists and the Calvinists two hundred years ago. Their fundamental doctrines are essentially the same; and, besides, some of the most distinguished Jansenist families were of Huguenot origin—the Arnaulds, for instance; and all the endeavours which the school of Port Royal made to separate itself from those whom they regarded as heretics could not prevent these excellent men from being very doubtful Romanists. We can only mention here M. Coquerel's essays on French moralists, and his travelling notes on Spain, England, and Scotland; the last chapter in the book is a dialogue about the famous subscription lately set afloat with a view of raising a statue to Voltaire. Several French *pasteurs* gave in their adhesion to the scheme, on the ground that Voltaire had always been a staunch champion of freedom of conscience, and M. Coquerel endeavours to justify this course.

Three new instalments of Messrs. Hachette's *Bibliothèque des Merveilles* claim a word of commendation. Under the title *Les Ascensions Célèbres*\* we have a very interesting volume containing an account of the principal mountain excursions made by climbing-parties in both hemispheres. Extracts from the works of Professor Tyndall, M. de Saussure, M. Wymper, and others, introduce us to the Alpine region. The second section is devoted to the Pyrenees and the island of Teneriffe; then comes the picturesque range of the Andes, followed by a description of the Himalaya Mountains. The last chapter contains the chief traditions and legends connected with the subject of the work.

In discoursing about "Sea-monsters" M. Landrin begins with an apology for the interesting animals whose works and ways he has taken upon himself to describe.† Monsters are generally regarded as beings whose conformation is at variance with the laws of nature. But such a definition is, our author remarks, essentially erroneous. We may say that we know very little about cuttle-fish, sharks, and the like, but it is absurd to describe those creatures as monsters, according to the strict meaning of that word. However, the wonders of the deep are certainly as interesting as any of the other marvels described in Messrs. Hachette's library; let us therefore suppose ourselves comfortably seated in a diving-bell, and under M. Landrin's guidance, let us study those astonishing beings which the imagination of ignorant people has transformed into mermaids, krakens, sea-serpents, and nixes. The first chapter of the volume before us treats of molluscs. Here the celebrated *pieuvre* which M. Victor Hugo discourses about comes under notice, together with the gigantic shells still to be seen in some Continental churches, and used as fountains for holy water. Next come the fish tribe, sharks, remoras, &c.; the third section is devoted to reptiles, and includes an interesting inquiry into the traditions about the sea-serpent; the birds come afterwards, and the last division embraces all the sea mammalia—polar-bears, whales, &c. Woodcuts, we need scarcely say, illustrate plentifully M. Landrin's narrative.

On the subject of hydraulics ‡, too, there is no lack of marvellous facts to relate. Canals, artesian wells, aqueducts, and fountains afford ample matter of interest. In the art of well-sinking, as in many others, the Chinese have had the start of Europeans, and they seem to have carried that branch of engineering to a considerable degree of perfection at a time when we were still having recourse to the most elementary ways of procuring a supply of water. So it is with canals. However, as M. Marzy shows in his second chapter, we can now boast of a very good system of artificial navigation, and when the Suez canal is open, another of the triumphs of modern engineering will have been accomplished. The third chapter treats of rivers and of the contrivances employed to increase their usefulness; the subject of irrigation and drainage is then dealt with; and the fifth and last chapter is taken up with aqueducts, reservoirs, and the various plans suggested for the management of water-courses. In this volume the illustrative woodcuts are particularly valuable, as showing both the working of modern engines and the progress which has been made since the clumsy waterworks of Marly and of the Pont Neuf at Paris were first introduced.

M. Victor Jacquemont, whose *correspondance inédite* is now published, left behind him a reputation which will perhaps seem disproportionate to the work he really accomplished. § Sent by the French Government on a scientific voyage to India in 1829, he died three years after, at Bombay, of a disease which the unhealthiness of the climate speedily brought to a fatal conclusion. That he became so celebrated is perhaps due to two different causes. In the first place, at the time when he left Europe, very few Frenchmen had ventured as far as the banks of the Ganges, and the whole Indian continent seemed, by some kind of tacit agreement, to be exclusively reserved as a field for English enterprise. And further, Victor Jacquemont possessed, as a writer, merits of no common order, as will be seen from the two volumes

of letters now before us. He belongs to the intellectual family of Paul Louis Courier and Béranger; like them, he is witty, caustic, essentially a foe to humbug, and, we are sorry to say, inclined to class amongst humbugs all those facts and ideas which are not amenable to the laws of strictly scientific observation. The two volumes now published supplement and complete two others, which were printed in 1842. They are preceded by a letter from M. Prosper Mérimée and a short biographical notice.

Signor Raphael Mariano writes from the Italian point of view\* a sketch of contemporary metaphysics in Italy. Since the time of Giordano Bruno his country, he says, was historically and intellectually dead until the day when, together with political life, there came a real *renaissance* in every branch of thought and of science. Bruno and Vico appeared, at a long interval from each other, as brilliant comets on the dark sky; but now a fresh impulse has been given, and the only difficulty is to select from amongst the numerous writers who all think they have equal claims to immortality. Signor Mariano considers that the only modern Italian metaphysicians of a really original character are Galluzzi, Rosmini, Gioberti, and Franchi. Our author is a Hegelian; and we are not surprised, therefore, that he denounces in the strongest manner the various systems identified with the thinkers whose names we have just given. He accuses them, first, of adopting sceptical conclusions, because they deny the supremacy of human reason; secondly, of enforcing the submission of man's intellectual powers to a divine or infallible criterion embodied in the Papacy. Signor Mariano wishes to see philosophy disowning all connexion with theology, and moving boldly in the Hegelian direction. It is ridiculous, he thinks, to call Gioberti a disciple of Hegel; the only true Italian representative of transcendentalism is Professor Vera, and upon him devolves the arduous but magnificent task of converting his fellow-countrymen. Signor Mariano feels indignant when he hears that even Germany is getting weary of the philosophy of the Absolute; such an hypothesis seems to him almost a defamation of character. At all events, Italy will take up the burning torch, and pass it on to future generations.

The novels which we have now to examine are of two distinct classes. Some of them affect a merry, jovial turn, and pretend to be extremely witty. We throw them down in despair, thinking of the time when Alphonse Karr did treat us to pages of real humour, and gave us wit of the true stamp. There is a book, for instance, which the author, M. Edouard Cadol, entitles *Contes Gais*.† When a writer thus pledges himself we have a right to look for an unusual amount of drollery and fun, whereas the volume before us is remarkably stupid. *Les Belles Imbéciles* form, we are afraid, a numerous class both in French and in English society; but their adventures scarcely deserved to be chronicled. The same may be said of the Paris dandies. M. Albéric Second is, however, a more accomplished writer than M. Cadol, and his descriptions of what he calls *La Jeunesse Dorée*‡ are extremely amusing.

There is another kind of novels which are equally pernicious, though in an opposite direction to the good old style of romance-writing. As coarse jokes and stupid puns are now mistaken for wit, so scenes of horror pass for proofs of dramatic talent. M. Ponson du Terrail and M. Ernest Daudet understand thoroughly the art of keeping their readers in a perpetual state of excitement from the first page of their novels to the last, and we cannot deny that they possess a certain amount of skill in the construction of a plot. What we should like to see, both in the *Succession Chavanet*§ and in the *Bohémienne du Grand Monde*||, is truer delineation of character, and greater simplicity of style. If the reader would understand what we mean, let him turn to M. Ferdinand Fabre's new book, *Le Chevrier*.¶ The author supposes that, during an excursion which he makes in the South of France, he meets with a peasant who relates to him the incidents of his courtship and subsequent marriage. A great deal of the piquancy of the book arises no doubt from the fact that the country, the manners, and the people introduced are still untouched by Paris civilization, and that the subject has much of the charm of novelty; the language too is peculiar, for M. Fabre preserves, as far as is consistent with clearness, the expressions and figures of speech in use amongst the inhabitants of the Cévennes. These qualities, however, are far from constituting the claims of *Le Chevrier* to originality. M. Fabre has the rare merit of interesting the reader by means of a very simple story and a very limited array of *dramatis personæ*. In his new book he has again given evidence of the powers of observation which rendered his *Scènes de la Vie Cléricale* so justly popular, and it can scarcely be doubted that his name will hereafter stand high on the roll of modern French novelists.

\* *La Philosophie Contemporaine en Italie*. Par Raphael Mariano. Paris: Germer Baillière.

† *Les Contes Gais*. Par Edouard Cadol. Paris: Lacroix.

‡ *La Jeunesse Dorée par le procédé Ruolz*. Par Albéric Second. Paris: Dentu.

§ *La Succession Chavanet*. Par Ernest Daudet. Paris: Lacroix.

|| *La Bohémienne du Grand Monde*. Par Ponson du Terrail. Paris: Lacroix.

¶ *Le Chevrier*. Par Ferdinand Fabre. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

\* *Les Ascensions Célèbres*. Par Zureher et Margollé. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Les Monstres Marins*. Par Armand Landrin. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *L'Hydraulique*. Par E. Marzy. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Correspondance inédite de Victor Jacquemont*. Paris: Lévy.